

Provisions Plenty, Market Easy.

The heavy supply of pork provisions has caused some slight decline in price. The shipments have accordingly declined a little, and Boston packers killed only 36,000 hogs last week, as compared with 44,000 the preceding week. Even the smaller record, however, is fifty per cent. larger than usual. Pork products to the value of \$200,000 were exported, a sum double the value of the pork exports for the same week last year.

Of the export lard situation, a reporter says in the *Drovers Journal*: "Although plenty of hogs are coming, the lard is taken for Europe as fast as it runs out of the kettle. All kinds of premiums are paid to get lard over quick. It is not a question of price, but of dispatch. They are paying fifty cents premium to get lard shipped promptly, and we hear of instances where sixty cents was bid. When the buyer in Europe once knows what steamer his lard is on he gets another big premium for guaranteeing sailing. I never saw such a situation before. Stocks on the Continent are almost exhausted. I believe there is enough lard sold for January export to take care of probably all the hogs that come." Despite the export demand, however, the supply for home use is ample, as witnessed by the late weakening in quotations.

Beef is not in especially active demand, except for choice Christmas cattle, which, as usual at this season, have brought highest prices. Some very handsome quarters and sides were shown in Faneuil Hall Market.

Beef arrivals for the week were larger for export, being 199 cars for Boston and 67 cars for export, a total of 266 cars; preceding week, 143 cars for Boston and 86 cars for export, a total of 229 cars; same week a year ago, 143 cars for Boston and 108 cars for export, a total of 251 cars.

The demand for meat is always rather slack at this time, owing to the substitution of poultry, but good poultry being unusually scarce this year, the result has been to improve the sale of game, venison, and even of choice beaver.

Members of the so-called "beef trust" deny that the alleged combination has any connection with recent high prices of beef. In a recent interview Mr. J. Ogden Armour, of the well-known provision firm, said: "Notwithstanding the variation of prices for live cattle the margin between beef on the hoof and beef on the hook has kept about the same year after year as a matter of necessity as well as policy. Even if all the large packers were combined into a single corporation they could not enforce higher prices than the value of beef on the hoof would justify. If such a thing were attempted capital would flow into the industry and competition would ensue, just as it has done in sugar refining and other industries. The history of organized industry shows that whenever an attempt has been made to unduly raise prices competition has compelled a reduction below the former level."

In New York markets the demand for meats has fallen off as usual during the holiday season, a slight decline in prices has followed, and buyers seem to be holding off in expectation of another drop. These conditions result in a very dull market. Even the export demand for lard has ceased in this market. Both beef and hog products have moved very slowly, with final quotations not much changed, yet showing a slight downward tendency.

Dealers have been finding fault with the condition of game shipments during the warm spell. Some lots were evidently packed before the animal heat was out, and some showed a false economy in the use of ice. Much complaint from dealers is also beginning to assert itself on account of the condition in which Western ducks are arriving. Some shipments appear as though plenty of ice has been used on them, but when the birds are taken from the package they are soft and mushy. The direct cause of this condition is the fact that the animal heat was not allowed to leave their bodies before they were packed in ice. Rabbits, also, have not arrived in a marketable condition, and many shipments this week were fairly rotten and were carried off to the dump. Game in off condition, if not spoiled, had to be sold cheap, and these conditions affected markets in New York and Boston, causing low level of prices.

Venison is offering moderately, but prices are steady. Whole deer are selling at 15 to 20 cents, with saddles quoted at 25 to 28 cents with skins on and legs at 30 to 35 cents. Moose meat is scarce and sells at 10 to 12 cents with skins. Bear meat is quoted at 15 to 20 cents. There is a fair supply of game, prices being steady and unchanged. Black ducks sell at \$1.60 to \$1.75 per pair, redheads \$2.50, wildgeese \$1 to \$1.25, teal \$1.10. Philadelphia aquab are firm at \$3.50 to \$3.75 per dozen, with natives at \$3 to \$3.50, quail \$4 per dozen, plover \$6 to \$7 per dozen.

Butter Market.

New York estimates place the stock of butter in storage there at 150,000 packages. Some of this butter will move out each week, as the receipts are short of the regular demand by some 12,000 packages per week. Fancy fresh creamery is readily sold at 30 cents, or even a fraction more in some cases. This figure compares well with 25 cents a year ago and 24 cents in 1900. High prices, however, do not seem to check the demand. Consumers are prosperous and seem willing to pay the price for the best to be had. High prices are the outcome of a short supply in turn caused directly by the milk shortage. It is stated that two-thirds of the creameries in New York State are idle, the milk supply having been diverted to city markets, and in some other States the situation is similar.

Boston's storage stock is slowly diminishing, and on Dec. 1 it was estimated that there were 114,015 cases in the coolers there, which is an excess of 41,000 cases over the same day a year ago. It looks as though Boston will have about 75,000 cases on Jan. 1, considering the rate at which the goods are now moving out. On Dec. 1 the estimate of stock in the Chicago coolers was given out as 250,000 cases, not including the stock held by packers. New York State and New England interior points, it is said, have holdings which amount to from twenty-five to thirty-five per cent. more than at this time a year ago. This large stock in storage will, of course, exert a steadying effect on the market and prevent quotations rising above a certain limit.

Trade is considered moderately quiet in Boston market, with a good stock of the best grades on hand and selling not above 28 cents. Storage goods, boxes and prints in fair demand.

Increase of Western Dairying.
The growth of the dairy industry in the prairie States is not generally realized in the older sections. The national law restricting oleomargarine had a favorable effect, and the high butter prices have caused a wonderful development. Creameries and cream-

separating plants are beginning to make their appearance at almost every cross road. In cattle districts, where but a year ago a glass of milk or a pound of home-made butter was unobtainable, may now be found numbers of ranches where cows are being milked, cream separators are in daily use, and the milk is being hauled a few miles to the nearest established separating plant. These plants ship the cream to the dozen or more large creameries at suitable points, and the consequence has been the building up of an industry that is likely to become one of the foremost in the State.

In Nebraska, according to statistics gathered by the Burlington Railroad, 238 skimming stations and creameries are now in operation, and their number is being increased almost daily. Attention is now being paid in the purchase of cows to their quality for creamery purposes rather than to breeding qualities, hitherto considered the cow's only value. Farmers who heretofore realized nothing from cows are now receiving sums which throughout the State aggregate over \$400,000 a month. One plant—that at Lincoln—is turning out fifteen carloads of butter each week, while the aggregate of butter made and marketed outside the State for the fiscal year of 1901-2 was considerably over 15,000,000 pounds. The use of the small centrifugal separator on farms is considered largely responsible for this enormous growth of the industry.

Potato Outlook Favorable.

Demand is steady and prices firm, with nothing in sight to induce lower quotations. The tendency has been upward from the first of the season, and prices are quite likely to advance still further before spring. A prominent New York buyer, W. N. White, estimates a deficiency, as compared with last year, of eight million bushels in Maine and New York, the two great potato States of the East.

A Vermont handler puts the yield of this State at one-half that of last year. Michigan crop is reported as about seventy-five per cent. of last year. The shortage in this country is emphasized by the recent crop in England, which country is importing largely from Ireland, Scotland and the Continent. Thus the supply here is not likely to be increased from abroad to such an extent as it was last year.

Vegetable Market.

Demand has been lively for some lines of vegetables the past week, including hot-house stuff and Southern green truck. Standard Northern vegetables hold firm at about former quotations. Fancy squash are not plenty, but common to good are in ample supply. Potatoes are rather quiet and the market somewhat impaired by receipts of damaged stock that has to be sold below regular quotations. Sweet potatoes of best grades are higher.

A Boston dealer, F. Leonard, reports a good demand for cranberries of good quality and unfrozen, and prices tend toward a higher level for such stock than at Thanksgiving season. There has been much frozen stock on the market, hard to sell at any price.

In New York markets Charleston lettuce was reported poor and hot-house lettuce of higher quality 50 cents to \$1 per dozen for Boston lots. Cucumbers are also selling well. Strictly choice potatoes hold firm, and the same is said of fancy onions. Most lots of Florida beans are poor and hard to sell. Mushrooms variable, and ranging from 10 to 30 cents per pound.

Flour and Grain Quiet.

The flour trade remains in the same waiting state as described last week, buyers refusing to purchase beyond present needs and hoping for better terms later, while shippers remain firm. It is not likely that conditions will change in the flour market so long as wheat holds its present level. Some mills are said to be shipping flour to Europe at less than cost in order to keep their plants busy, the home demand not being sufficient. There are no special changes in local flour quotations.

The break in the corn market will afford some relief to cattle feeders. It was caused directly by the collapse of a speculative pool by St. Louis operators. The supply of corn is now larger both for home use and export. The export movement on both corn and wheat has been fairly active, although impeded by the rise in freight rates which has taken place since the close of canal navigation. There is also a great scarcity of freight cars for grain and flour. Wheat has not declined to any such extent as corn, the drop at any time during the week being not over a cent below old quotations.

The official data in regard to the United States wheat crop of 1902 suggest about 625,000,000 bushels. Other and unofficial estimates make the crop as high as 700,000,000 bushels. The best authorities, however, estimate 675,000,000 to 700,000,000 bushels. On this latter basis, about 210,000,000 bushels would be available for export.

Foreign news on the whole considered favorable to maintain present prices. It is reported that the Argentine crop has been injured by unfavorable weather. The Australian crop will certainly be short. Russia, however, has a crop officially estimated at 611 million or nearly 200 million above last year's yield. Foreign wheat quotations hold firm, with a fractional advance in British markets.

Christmas Tree Market.

The record Christmas tree market was not this year nor last, according to the Boston Transcript, but as far back as 1897 when thirty-seven carloads of trees were sent into Boston. Last year it was twenty-one and this year only sixteen carloads of trees have been shipped. Not all the tree merchants agree that allowance for the increased cost of living is the reason. Some say the supply of trees is lessening yearly in the States, which is the great source of the supply. Others hold that recent sleet storms interfered with harvesting the crop.

Some trees come from New Hampshire and Vermont, but these are mountain spruce and fir and lack the bushiness, deep color and fragrance of the Maine trees, which are out as a rule in lower-lying pastures, for the Christmas tree of commerce is not a native of the big woods. It is the young pasture growth that combines convenience in size and symmetry of proportions which go to make a tree saleable in the Christmas market. Most of those for Boston come from southern and eastern Maine, whose farmers kill two birds with one stone by clearing up their pasture lands and at a profit.

It is not as the property of the farmer, however, that the Christmas tree comes to market. A few enterprising traders control the business. Getting their eye upon a likely pasture they buy what they may want to cut off for a lump sum, for a \$10 bill, or for two or three cents a tree on the stump. Then the trees must be cut, trimmed, bound into bundles of from one to



ENGLISH SUFFOLK STALLION.

eight trees according to size, hauled to the railroad, loaded upon cars holding from four hundred to seven hundred bundles, transported to the city at a cost of \$20 per car, teamed to South Market street, and finally sold to middlemen, grocers, provision dealers, peddlers, who buy a few bunches of trees and retail them at a profit.

Some Facts Concerning Christmas.

BY BENJAMIN F. STEVENS.

Christmas Day has been set apart from time immemorial for the commemoration of our Blessed Saviour's birth; "when, though Christ was humbled to a manger, the content of the place was taken off by the glory of the attendance and ministrations of angels." Christmas is named from *Christi Missa*, the mass of Christ; it was, however, asserted that Christmas was probably born in April or May of the Julian year 4700, the present date being that of tradition. Dean Alford in his Greek Testament has observed that the Magi were addicted to astronomy; and astronomical calculations prove that a remarkable juncture of planets took place just before our Saviour's birth. A. U. C. 747, May 20, there was a conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn in twenty degrees of Pisces, close to the first point of Aries, the part in which the signs, according to the astrologers, denoted glorious and mighty events. On the twenty-seventh of October another conjunction of the same occurred in sixteen degrees of Pisces; and on Nov. 12 a third in fifteen degrees of the same sign. On the last two occasions, the planets would be so near as to appear as one star of surpassing brightness. Supposing the Magi to have seen the first of these conjunctions, they saw it actually in the east; for on the twentieth of May it would rise shortly before the sun. If they took their journey, and arrived at Jerusalem in little more than five months (the journey of Ezra from Babylon took four), and if they performed the journey from Jerusalem to Bethlehem (remaining in Jerusalem to inquire of the Sanhedrin from the October to the November conjunction) in the evening, as is implied, the November conjunction in fifteen degrees of Pisces would be before them in the direction of Bethlehem, coming to the meridian about 8 o'clock P. M. It would be very interesting to know what this curious calculation, which would thus make the Nativity to have occurred about the first of November, reckoning the same interval as between our Christmas Day and Epiphany.

A writer of note says: "At the glad period of our Lord's Nativity there was peace in all the earth. The prevalence of public peace upon earth had ranked among the number of those interesting sights and tokens which were to accompany the coming of the long-expected Saviour to the scene of His ministry. When read in the page of prophecy of the myrrh and the fig tree taking the place of the balm and the thorn; when we hear of swords beat into pruning hooks and ploughshares, we are led to fix our attention on that state of outward peace in this world which was to form the commencement of the Gospel age, and to denote the time of the Redeemer's manifestation among men. Accordingly these predictions were fulfilled in a remarkable manner at the date of our Lord's birth, which may be regarded as the commencement of His kingdom upon earth. Thus, the reign of Augustus Caesar, after its first conflicts were decided, was accompanied by a season of profound and settled peace. The temple of Janus at Rome, which had been shut up but twice since the foundation of the city, was at that time closed in token of this public peace."

One of the most glorifying commemorations of an ancient Christmas was that by St. Augustine, who, it appears, baptized fewer than ten thousand persons on the Christmas Day next after his landing in 506, and permitted the usual feasting, allowing the people to erect booths for refreshment, objecting only to their joining in their dances with their pagan neighbors. We know little of the celebration of Christmas in the Continental States of Europe, and it would not pay to find out, as we have a profile field in what has taken place in England, our mother country, from which we will proceed to make a few excerpts from what we know to be historical from the times of the earlier kings of Britain. It is remarkable in the accounts of these Christmas celebrations that they were kept by the sovereigns in various places, notwithstanding the difficulties of locomotion, and the cost and inconvenience of conveying the court and its accessories to distant parts of the country; although it should be recollected that the sovereign and the court did not settle in the metropolises for their general residence until a comparatively late period. More than a thousand years ago (in 878) the great King Alfred was keeping his Christmas at Chippingham, in Wiltshire, when he was surprised by the Danes and compelled to flee to one of the neighboring isles.

William the Conqueror was crowned on Christmas Day, 1066; and in 1089 he kept his Christmas at York. Occasionally some of the earlier kings passed Christmas in Normandy, whence they had originally fled. In 1085 William kept his Christmas at Gloucester. William Rufus, his son, followed his

example, as did Henry I., in 1106, at Windsor, and in 1116 at St. Albans, when the monastery there was consecrated. King Stephen kept his Christmas in London until the fifth year of his reign, when the celebration was laid aside. Henry II. renewed the Christmas feasts with plays and masques; and in 1171 he celebrated the feast at Dublin. At that time cranes were the favorite dish. Richard I., the Lion hearted, kept Christmas in 1190 in Sicily, when on his way to the crusades. His brother, John, who succeeded him, kept his Christmas at Canterbury in 1200, and at Windsor in 1210, where he entertained with great festivity and splendor, and gave many presents. In 1217 he entertained at Worcester, when the occasion was broken up through the recumbent barons of Henry III. This third Henry had twenty salmons for his Christmas pies and ten peacocks, with other game for roasting. Edward I. kept his Christmas at Bristol in 1284. Edward II. entertained at Nottingham in 1324, and Edward III. kept his at Windsor in 1345, and on Christmas Day established the Order of the Garter. Richard II. entertained at Litchfield, where two hundred tuns of wine and two thousand oxen were consumed.

Enough has been written of the Christmas feasts of the earlier kings of England to show that the day of our Lord's Nativity must have been generally celebrated throughout the land. In the reign of Edward III., the art of cookery was well understood; history tells us that the nobility employed French cooks, and all the delicacies were of the highest to be had. This king kept his Christmas in Westminster Hall in 1358, and had for his guests at the banquet the captive king of France and David, King of Scotland, both living in the Tower of London as prisoners of war.

While the nobility were spending huge amounts of treasure in celebrating the Lord's Nativity, the lower classes were engaged in "carols, wassail-bowls, dancing round in moonshine about May poles, and games such as shelling the mare, hoodman blind and hot coals." During the reign of James I. plays and masques were favorite Christmas festivities, and the gambling at court ran high. About 1641 the fanatics attempted to abolish the celebration of the Lord's Nativity. After the Restoration the observance of Christmas was resumed but the court observances of the day declined, and its hospitalities became more generally diffused among the people. Here in good old New England, in Colonial times, to celebrate Christmas by feasting was considered punishable by a fine, so bitter were our Puritan ancestors against a public recognition of the day which is now universally acknowledged. The national wealth of Christmas, to the utter extinction of the prodigal heaps of luxury consumed with each returning festival, has no place in these modern days. Christian people everywhere celebrate the day as it should be, without noise or confusion or great expenditure of money, at their own firesides, with their families of old and young about them, thanking God there is one day when His Son's Nativity can be commemorated as it should and forever will be.

Many of the old customs of Christmas, on its Eve and Day, are now recognized in some parts of England, such as the *waits* who play and sing at the doors of the principal inhabitants, and of which Thomas Hardy, the novelist, alludes in some of his works. *Yule* is a universal name for Christmas Eve. *Christmas Boxes* is still a custom on the day, a term now applied to gifts of money, whereas anciently it signified the boxes in which gifts were deposited.

We have gone into the subject sufficiently to show the ancient and the modern ways of keeping Christmas Day. Let us hope that our Saviour's nativity will be always celebrated without noise or confusion, and with a due regard to the idea originally entertained from time immemorial for the commemoration of our Blessed Saviour's birth, when, though laid in a manger, the angels of heaven ministered unto Him.

Literature.

What could be more fitting for an actor of James H. Stoddard's standing than that he should choose his career on the stage by appearing in Dr. John Watson's admirable sketch of Scotch life, "The Bonnie Brier Bush"? Who among the actors of the day could be better chosen for the character of Lauchlan Campbell? Mr. Stoddard's father was Scotch, and in his book, "Recollections of a Player," Mr. Stoddard narrates the visit of his father among the folk of his youth. He had his family with him at the time, James being a young boy. Old players are familiar with Mr. Stoddard as an actor. Joseph Jefferson, when struggling in his profession, met him. In the yesterday of actors and actresses he is a familiar figure, and a book containing his reminiscences is naturally of absorbing interest. Both his father and mother were actors, and he, when a child, began to appear on the boards. Of the training he acquired, knocking about from theatre to theatre, playing whatever part that offered itself until he left England for America, Mr. Stoddard writes graphically. In those days he had little but health, but although his means of livelihood was often doubtful, he was to a certain degree happy. Concerning the people in his profession he constantly met and played with he writes most interestingly, but the book becomes the most enticing when the writer comments on his own career in New York. In speaking of Joseph Jefferson's policy of confining himself to two or three parts, Mr. Stoddard says: "In my opinion, Mr. Jefferson is not only a great actor, but a really good business man, and they do not

often go together. He has made a classic of 'Rip Van Winkle.' I have watched his career in it with a great deal of interest. What other actor has ever played for so many years so profitably one part with people more eager to see him in his maturity than ever?"

William Winter has written a prefatory note to the book, which he concludes as follows: "For greatness in dramatic art, meaning the summit of excellence in interpretative expression, is simplicity and of simplicity, Mr. Stoddard possesses the absolute command, touching equally the springs of humor and pathos, winning affection as well as admiration, and thus filling the best purpose of all art, which is to bless human life with the gracious memory that makes it calm, and the noble incentive that makes it beautiful."

It is this simplicity of expression that causes this book throughout to hold one in a charming atmosphere of sympathetic interest in whatever Mr. Stoddard says. The volume is well illustrated besides having a simple binding of green and gold. The manner in which the publishers have made the book is characteristic of the contents. The fault of the book lies in its brevity, for it seems as if much more might have been made of the material. Except for those in immediate relation with the author, he makes little mention of the lives or the art of many of the famous actors of his time. Even the outline of his own life, as recorded here, is fragmentary and incomplete.

A most excellent principle this veteran actor expresses when he is accosted by an old timer, as follows: "Mr. Stoddard, you are an old timer. I remember you when you used to be at the Broome-street Theatre with Wallace. Why can't we have such performances and such companies nowadays?" To this Mr. Stoddard replies that, although his experience and age classifies him as an old timer, yet, as he had always been in the harness, he had tried to keep abreast of the times and the younger element, and as far as possible avoid being considered antiquated, therefore he could scarcely be a proper judge. To always endeavor to progress and never stand still is an excellent way to keep young both in body and mind. Mr. Stoddard throws his personality into writing in such a way that the reader cannot but enjoy every page, and at the last chapter wish that there was more. [New York: The Century Company.]

Mr. Justin McCarthy has completed practically the history of the two last centuries of English history with "The Reign of Queen Anne," published in two volumes. His preceding books have dealt with the reigns of the four Georges, William IV. and Queen Victoria. Three brilliant periods in English development are periods associated with the names of three queens, Elizabeth, Anne and Victoria. These women born to their positions were not responsible for the greatness of their respective times, but, in a measure, they left an impression of their own personalities. Queen Anne had a decided influence for good over the political, social and literary life of the people over which she ruled. Throughout her reign she watched the stage, and, while she never attended herself, she kept well informed of all that took place before the footlights, and insisted that actors should live and act as men, so as to uplift the stage. Mr. McCarthy has sufficient imagination to enable him to record history as something that has had all the burning interest of which life is capable. Historians who have been satisfied with a dry chronological record of events have failed to prove interesting, however accurate their sources of information may be. To have accuracy embodied with a live presentation of historic events is the desire of not only the average reader, but the student. Mr. McCarthy satisfies these demands, while he allows the reader to form his own opinion from his impartial insight into both sides of the political proceedings and the governmental moves. Queen Anne no longer appears a dull, lifeless woman as drawn in many histories; she is here one of strict principles, whose besetting fault is the desire to be comfortable. Mr. McCarthy depicts Anne as realizing in a general way that the "spirit of the divine right of kings" was no longer prevalent among the people. In this aspect from her very training she must needs feel herself this divine right of the king, but at the same time she must recognize the modern spirit of progress with the cabinet system as a great and existing factor. The historian does not go into much descriptive work concerning the battles, except to enumerate and state their causes.

Queen Anne's reign must be renowned for the great soldier Marlborough, who has had but one peer since, Wellington. So long as Lady Marlborough ruled the queen all went well with the soldier's favor, but Anne grew exceedingly weary of the dictatorial methods of Lady Marlborough. The latter's successor was the cause of turning away the favor of the Marlborough house. Statesmen like Bolingbroke, writers like Pope, Addison, Swift, Steele and Defoe, gave lustre to this period of English history. Mr. McCarthy has done justice to the period and has presented as interesting a history of the career of Queen Anne as has ever appeared. Combined in two handsome volumes, the work will make a noteworthy addition to any library. [New York: Harper & Brothers; two volumes. Price, \$4.]

Lillian Bell, whose book, "Abroad With the Jimmies," appeared in the spring, is represented in the fall output of fiction by "Hope Loring," a story of an American girl, who creates a vivid character in Hope, and the admirers of Miss Bell will follow her uncommon career through the pages of the book with eager interest. The author introduces Hope while she is being educated in a fashionable private school in New Orleans, her parents, sister and brother, having moved from New Orleans to New York, where their great wealth and social position enable them to enjoy the society they seek. Her brother Jernyn is at college, while her sister Sallie is out in society when Mr. Loring sends for Hope to come to their new home. The Loringons own a beautiful estate on the Hudson, where Hope passes her happiest days. She is particularly fond of out-of-door sports, and, indeed, exercise of all kinds. She is not one who loves social duties and pleasures. Dancing, however, is natural to her, and she is fond of making dances containing her own figures. Such a dance she had executed at her school in New Orleans—as one of her classmates reminded her at her coming-out party. The latter event was inevitable, although Hope protested against it. Mrs. Loring, ignorant of the coming football game in which Jernyn was to participate, and at which Hope had planned to attend, set the identical date for Hope's party. As Hope had requested that none of the preparations might disturb these last days of girlish sport, the mistake was not discovered until the morning of the game and party. Mrs. Loring felt guilty when she realized the extent

of Hope's grief at being denied the pleasure of witnessing the game, for the party might have been chosen for any other day—as it would have been in "real life"—but it was too late to change, and the event came off as scheduled. The story gathers in interest from this point, as Hope becomes interested in many things. She had been persuaded to dance her old dance on the stage, under an assumed name, of course, for her old schoolmate's brother, who is a theatrical manager, and the money she receives she deposits in the same name. Mr. Loring becomes entangled in business, and Hope, hearing of her father's difficulties, quietly attempts to procure aid. Unknown to Mr. Loring, she visits her father's enemy and offers him what money she has for security. If he will come to her father's rescue. Leaving the office, she is badly injured in an accident, becoming unconscious for a prolonged period. Her brain is found to be injured. In the meantime the financial crash comes, and Mr. Loring loses everything, so that the family is compelled to move to a small, poorly furnished house. There they live with hope of the cloud lifting from over their daughter or from over their financial distress. A young man who has loved Hope for a long time has been endeavoring to find some means of restoring her brain to its normal condition, and at last he hits upon a plan, by reproducing the scene which the boys made when they rushed into the room where Hope's party was taking place, arrayed in their football rig. They produce a shock on her brain which causes the mental cloud to disappear. "Mr. Stoddard, you are an old timer. I remember you when you used to be at the Broome-street Theatre with Wallace. Why can't we have such performances and such companies nowadays?" To this Mr. Stoddard replies that, although his experience and age classifies him as an old timer, yet, as he had always been in the harness, he had tried to keep abreast of the times and the younger element, and as far as possible avoid being considered antiquated, therefore he could scarcely be a proper judge. To always endeavor to progress and never stand still is an excellent way to keep young both in body and mind. Mr. Stoddard throws his personality into writing in such a way that the reader cannot but enjoy every page, and at the last chapter wish that there was more. [New York: The Century Company.]

For a story of a good, strong attachment between brother and sister with a brave attitude assumed by them in the face of many burdens, this book, "Nathalie's Chum," by Anna Chapin Ray, author of "Teddy: Her Book," is a forceful tale of young pluck and strength. Harry Arterburn, according to his dead father's wish, having finished his education, sets up housekeeping in New York with the rest of his family, which consists of Nathalie, aged fifteen, Peggy, Ralph and the baby, the latter named Fizzums, being a "terror" for mischief. An old maid cousin keeps house. Nathalie considers herself quite competent to discipline these children and be a companion to her brother. Harry, laden down with the care of supporting this family, finds quite a relief in the chumship which is started between Nathalie and himself. He obtains tutoring to do outside of his university teaching, and the parents of his pupil, Mr. and Mrs. Barrett, prove to be real friends. Mrs. Barrett teaches Nathalie to make her own dresses and to be orderly, while in a number of other ways she influences this motherless girl, thus rounding out the girl's character in many respects. Nathalie's healthy interest in everything rouses Mrs. Barrett's son, Kingsley, who through illness has become spoiled. The book is full of healthy excitement, while the fun is supplied by the doings of Fizzums, who can think up loads of mischief in very little time. The eccentricities of the old-maid cousin completes the supply of humor. The characters of Harry and Nathalie are well developed. The judgment of Western girls expressed by Nathalie is not quite fair, but it can hardly be held to the author's account, as by her very creation of Nathalie she is made a headstrong, impulsive girl, and her assertions need to be taken with some allowance. The author has succeeded in presenting an extremely real girl, who will appeal to other girls, and the book should be a great success in these days, when good books for girls are rather scarce. What plot there is consists in the natural events of everyday life. In its freshness and tone of naturalness the young reader will delight. [Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$1.20, net.]

Those who have camped out and known the troubles of a rainy day, besides the numerous noises to which one must accustom himself before sleep is possible, will appreciate the difficulties which Bob narrates in his diary. Charlotte Curtis Smith has entered into the spirit of the campers-out, whom she describes so aptly through the medium of the record-keeper, Bob Knight. The author has succeeded in writing an attractive book which will delight boy readers. All the boys at this camp are exceptionally good. Having difficulty in the matter of food, they fortunately make the acquaintance of a young girl who cooks for them and her brother. The latter, besides proving to be good company, sells excellent fish. These new acquaintances, Molly and Jim, assist ably about the camp. Jim is fond of animals, and when they decide to hold an animal show he poses as the snake charmer. After Jim has worked his snakes all day he returns them to their homes, as he is always very particular about their welfare. During their stay they obtain a broken-down horse, which was being ill used; they rub him into activity again, and he proves to be extremely useful. A goat and a "rooster" are other sources of pleasure. They are a good-hearted lot, and when the camp breaks up they give the goat and the rooster to Molly and the old horse to a farmer. They befriend a boy tramp and do other things which show their kind-hearted generosity. As recorded by Bob these events take on much importance, and a boy will delight in the account of the scribe who kept the records. [New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, \$1.20.]

The Kind of Seeds that Yield.

Like everything else there are good seeds and bad seeds. Seeds that grow and seeds that do not grow; seeds that yield and seeds that do not yield, and a little thought given now to the selection of the seed you'll need, no pastime, no time well spent, though realized much better at the harvest if you select the world-famed Ferry's Seeds—the kind that always yield. For nearly half a century the Ferry's Seeds have been known and loved wherever good crops are grown, until farmer and gardener alike have learned to depend upon their wonderful reliability and yielding qualities, year after year, to the exclusion of all others.

Unfortunately the seed business seems to afford a means for many unscrupulous people who aim to blind the unwary to quality, through littleness of price and boastful claims; who really have nothing to substantiate their claims, no reputation at stake, no past record as proof. It is better to pay a little more for the seed and be assured of a great deal more at the harvest by sowing Ferry's Seeds. The Seed Annual which is sent free, postpaid, to her, and she is fond of making dances containing her own figures. Such a dance she had executed at her school in New Orleans—as one of her classmates reminded her at her coming-out party. The latter event was inevitable, although Hope protested against it. Mrs. Loring, ignorant of the coming football game in which Jernyn was to participate, and at which Hope had planned to attend, set the identical date for Hope's party. As Hope had requested that none of the preparations might disturb these last days of girlish sport, the mistake was not discovered until the morning of the game and party. Mrs. Loring felt guilty when she realized the extent

However the warmth of henhouses is never discussed, so somebody is to ask whether it pays to heat a house for laying hens. Those who have tried such a plan will always answer that artificial heat makes hens tender, lazy and liable to catch cold and roup. Yet it seems to be a fact that at least one experiment station and a practical grower have concluded that egg pullets in a heated house laid enough eggs to pay for the extra cost and the trouble. The latter tried to heat the house partly warm by the plus heat from a greenhouse flue, but this flue did not pay so well as another kept under the usual conditions. The only form of heat which really gave any satisfaction was that supplied by a heap of fermenting manure in the barn corner, where the water never froze, and the hens laid far better than any other house.

Another successful heating device is to keep a hen in a cold henhouse during the worst cold snaps, which usually occur about a few times each winter. This plan costs only a few cents a house and will save a many frozen combs and wattles.

Profits in Cranberries.

Money has been made in cranberries. Growers have been inclined to keep rather quiet on the subject from fear of over competition, which would follow any attempt to boom the industry. On account of the wholly artificial nature of the demand, any sudden increase in production means low prices. Even a favorable crop year brings down the quotations close to cost of production. The best official account of the industry is the one recently made public by Secretary W. H. Fitch of the Wisconsin Cranberry Growers Association, as follows: "The alluvial formation, or peat bog, is the natural home of the cranberry." In Wisconsin the alluvial lands are called "muskeg" and are found in this district. The growing of the wild cranberry has followed the trend of every other industry and improved upon itself. The first cultivated cranberry bog

Owing to the peculiar and somewhat precarious nature of cranberry growing, it is difficult, if not well-nigh impossible, to give specific directions for raising the same, but, though the obstacles are not inseparable, a marked degree of intelligence, integrity, intrepidity

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Nobody can say that Gotham's new police commissioner has a bad experience in the school of discipline.

The country will grieve if the President misses that coming round-up of mountain lions out in northern Montana.

Mr. Verrier of the squared circle got his surprise a couple of days before Christmas, but it wasn't exactly a Christmas surprise.

There was just about enough snow to try a new sled or test the adaptability of a new pair of mittens to the manufacture of snowballs.

The noble Earl of Rosslyn is neither a "squander" nor yet a "welter," so what matters the mere bagatelle of \$1500 lost at cards.

If Glasgow dropped it is safe to assume that a certain number of prognostications for the next football season will be more or less shattered.

We are interested to note that the loeman, now figuring in the papers because of the trial of his assailant, was shot before the end of the summer season.

Seeing that the Redding and Weaverville coach was to be held up by a highwayman, we are glad that the event occurred near Whiskeytown. The name adds romance.

When Santa Claus did all of his transportation by means of his eight tiny reindeer, Christmas festivities were never likely to be interrupted by the burning of a mail car.

The first sign of financial ability in the Humbert family was the decision that to make a castle in Spain actually profitable the wise thing to do was to build it in the United States.

Mr. Lewisohn's "frank" admission that he had never been there before suggests that not to have visited Mr. Canfield's hospitable quarters was considered by the gentleman's set as rather unfortunate.

Dr. Lorenz's clinic affected observers differently, according as their position gave them an impression of the scientist's calmly compassionate face, or simply an impression of his very powerful muscles.

The value of a nice distinction seems to have been lost sight of by the person who was overcome by cigarette smoking the other day in the South Station. Ordinarily he smoked forty cigarettes a day, but on this thoughtless occasion he smoked forty-one.

That the young woman in Springfield who has been dumb for fourteen years should talk incessantly immediately after recovering her speech is too natural a phenomenon to demand a medical examination to determine her sanity. Such, at least, is the opinion of some professed students of the sex.

There is nothing really new in the achievement of a Chicago doctor now plugging himself on having pierced a living heart with a fine needle and without killing the owner. Cured has been doing the same thing with an arrow ever since Eve met Adam in the Garden.

Considering the natural rivalry between neighboring cities, Salem will probably plume herself on the request of a Lynn prisoner to be sent to the Witch City. "They do these things better in Salem" seems to have been the opinion of the prisoner.

Nobody appreciates the sweets of country life quite so keenly as the old man brought up on a farm, but confined ever since to a desk in the city. This longing is more pathetic because half the joys he remembers were those of youth and could never be renewed.

Liberty of speech in Germany has its limits—as in the case of Herr Strecker, who was recently fined some \$25 for cheerfully likening the motions of Franklin D. Roosevelt to those of a hippopotamus. The judge remarked that it would do no harm for cities of the drama to employ the language used by people of cultivation.

King Edward's remembrance to many of the gentlemen of the court—a small gold box attached to a watch chain and intended for the "pills and tablets" that so many people inclined to dyspeptic complaint use constantly nowadays—was especially adapted to the season of feasting and convivial merriment. The king's taste is again vindicated.

When society gives what is reported to be its latest diversion, a farm party, the New York Herald tells us that the refreshment is, of course, "a farm supper—steamed cornmeal mush, with country cream and maple syrup, roast chicken, apple dumplings, cake and other good things." New Englanders will be interested in this snapshot at the living of the New York farmer.

Captain Gardiner's briarwood has been called to order as not consooting with the dignity of congressional cloak rooms. But isn't it something of a mistake to regard the pipe as inharmonious with legislative dignity? There was the pipe of peace, for example; surely nothing could be more dignified, even admitting that it pertained to the hearth.

Let us hope that there is truth in the reported discovery of the smallpox germ, a discovery which would be the first long step in the direction of inoculating the said germ for future service. Our attitude toward the smallpox germ is not like that of the old school reader toward fun. So far as we know, we haven't any ourselves, but we don't like it in others.

What did Miss Lopez of Inowrazlan expect that Emperor William was going to give her as a Christmas present? Portraits are considered eminently *ad fait* by royalty on such occasions, and it is no wonder the authorities were incensed at Miss Lopez for tramping the gift under an indignified foot. The young woman should have controlled her disappointment.

Apparently the tour of the Macaoni Opera Company has reached its final catastrophe. America has not been over hospitable to one of the very few living composers whose work bids fair to be known to future generations. Here's wishing him a return of health, a settlement of present

difficulties and the consoling applause of the nations wherein art does not depend so fully on expert advertising.

An excellent feature at many of the Canadian fairs the past season was a practical illustration in grading and packing fruit, in charge of government fruit inspectors. Questions were answered and instruction furnished for all who applied. Few small growers know how to market fruit so that it will grade and carry right, and practical illustrations of a similar kind would do a great deal of good in this country.

A correspondent calls attention to a possibility of the further spread of foot and mouth disease by means of the wild deer, which frequently roam about the pastures of northern New England. The disease usually attacks cattle, sheep or swine, but may be communicated, though less readily, to roe deer, rabbits, man, fowls, dogs and horses, the likelihood of communication being in the order indicated, goats being most and horses least open to attack. Although deer, rabbits, etc., are not very susceptible, it is, of course, possible they might catch it during the pasture season. But it is probable that the disease will be completely stamped out long before spring, if the present system and quarantine rules are thoroughly carried out. The mere statement that certain species of wild animals might spread the disease to such an extent that it would escape all control should be sufficient warning to cattle owners to observe every precaution no matter how annoying the situation may seem at this time.

Forefathers' Day Addresses.

Two notable speeches were delivered this week in commemoration of the landing of the Pilgrims, the one in Philadelphia before the New England Society of Pennsylvania, and the other by the Hon. John D. Long before the Congressional Club in Boston.

Mr. Hoar's eulogy of the Pilgrim Fathers had many original points, especially when he said that many orators who lauded the Pilgrim fathers and mothers were men who could never become exiles or reformers under any provocation whatever, but were devoted to maintaining the existing order of things. This, we take it, means that such men would be always a conservative element in the community to sustain the over-zealous from being too precipitate in changing the old for the new. The Pilgrims, no doubt, bolder better than they knew. They stood in their small community for self-government and civil and religious freedom, and their good example eventuated in the Declaration of Independence the abolition of slavery through the successful attempt to preserve the Union, and other blessings in which we now rejoice.

Mr. Hoar made another good and timely point when he said he was no blind worshiper of the past, and that today is better than yesterday and tomorrow will be better than today, though with its virtues each generation has its own shortcomings, its own mistakes and its own dangers.

A poetical touch was given when Mr. Hoar wondered if William Bradford and Brewster and John Robinson and Carver and Winthrop ever celebrated Forefathers' Day in the land where they are now dwelling, and who their guests might be. The despotism Napoleon would not be welcomed even with the dogs at such a feast, but the honest reformers with all their faults would share in the intellectual ambrosia.

Mr. Hoar thought, too, that in this age of steam and electricity and telegraphs and telephones, the Pilgrim history could not be repeated, for it would be hard under existing conditions to find a wilderness. But this may not be so difficult as he supposes, when Peary or some one else has reached the North Pole and given us a new continent.

Mr. Long, in his address at Tremont Temple, remarked that there was nothing new to be told about the Pilgrim Fathers, but he managed to look at them from a somewhat novel view-point when he called attention to the fact that there is an impression that they came here simply for freedom to worship God, but that, as he looked at it, they came here very much on a business venture. This is the right way of viewing the subject. Many people imagine that there is something degrading and irregular in business, but there is no reason in the world why religion and the pursuit of a living should be incompatible. Man is compelled to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, whatever his belief or his lack of belief, and the establishment of progressive civilization has ever been the result of the extension of commerce. The pioneer and the missionary do good work, but without business behind them they could make little headway.

The Pilgrims brought with them from the Old World not only their piety and the desire to prosper, but also ideas of constitutional liberty which they had acquired at home. These bore fruit in their little commonwealth in the wilds of Plymouth, scattering seeds that have spread all over our mighty Republic, with the growth of business, and let us say of religion, in spite of the pessimistic wallings about the degeneracy of church and State. The forefathers were God-fearing men, but it is no vanity to say that in many respects we are their superiors in our larger views of life and its duties. We are not, however, in advance of them in their love of liberty. They would, if they were living now, hold with us that freedom and license are not synonymous, and would share with us in our condemnation of foreign anarchists who come here, not to build up but to destroy, and set at naught all laws both human and divine.

The Old and the New.

The beginning of a new year, like the period of youth, is a time of great expectations. They are often realized, but frequently they are not. This year, which will shortly reach its close, promised to be one of unusual, if not unexampled, prosperity, but of the unexpected were developed signs of discontent, which culminated in the coal strike, that has caused and is still causing such widespread discomfort and suffering. It matters not who were to blame, operators, operatives or labor unions. The reality confronted us, and the consumers had to suffer, rich and poor, high and low. This we did not count upon at the opening of the year 1902. We knew that there was antagonism between capital and labor, but we did not anticipate that it would culminate as it did in general discontent. The opposition to trusts had begun to show itself, not always intelligently, but it was thought that markets would right themselves in time; and that unworthy business combinations would go to the wall, while those which were a real benefit to the people in the reduction of prices would remain. That this result would have been attained there is little question, if the disturbance in Pennsylvania had not appeared

that unsettled things and was nearly to sole topic of discussion to the neglect of other subjects of pressing importance. This led to an increase of the Socialist vote in the local elections, for many people unwisely believe, when they hear that Socialism is a remedy for all public ills, that it has good and bad sides, like everything else, but if it should ever be in the ascendant it would be far from being a universal cure. We are still far from the millennium and the golden year of which the poets sing.

The country is prosperous, no one will deny that, notwithstanding the present high price of fuel. Never before was there so little idleness among those who want to work. There is plenty of money circulating, as was shown in the purchases of goods made at the various stores for Christmas gifts during the past few weeks. At such a time there is a desire to make money. The instinct in nearly all of us to lay up something for a rainy day comes out strong in periods of financial success, which may account in a measure for the high rates at which coal is held, but this must be checked if possible when it becomes oppressive.

And so on the eve of a New Year we have a great deal to be thankful for, and may reasonably look forward to a speedy settlement of our troubles and a realization of the hopes which failed to be entirely met last year. We see no cloud looming over the country. We are at peace with all the world, and our new possessions, which we did not seek, are likely to give us less trouble in the future than they have in the past. Therefore we can heartily wish our readers "A Happy New Year," with an abundance of all the good things that the world has at its disposal. May 1903 be the banner year of the Republic!

A White Christmas.

The old saying that a green Christmas makes a fat churchyard was not quoted this year, for we had a genuine white one, with snow nearly all day. It was no day to be out of doors, outing parties upon the pond, or coasting down hill, and there was no opportunity to work off the effects of a heavy dinner, unless one chopped wood, if one had any.

Still, those who did not go to places of public amusement enjoyed themselves at home, for Christmas is pre-eminently a day of family gatherings, more so than it used to be in New England, when there was an old Puritan prejudice against the most significant holiday of the year, owing to the fact that it was a festival of the Church of England from which the early settlers of Boston had cut loose. Now people of all the Christian denominations here celebrate the time with rejoicing and the bestowal of gifts, and are all the happier for a return to old customs that are as harmless as they are inspiring, especially when the old superstition of the fat churchyard does not intrude upon the scene.

Reaching the Workers.

Some of the Western agricultural colleges are advancing very progressive methods. One of them became disgusted with the small attendance at the courses at the public meetings. It was decided that if farmers would not come to be taught, the instruction should be brought to the farmers.

A special car was hired, filled with charts, specimens, testers, implements, and the like, and sent over the railroads, holding little meetings everywhere that a company of farmers could be found. A great many busy men who could not leave the farm to attend distant meetings were thus reached in the best manner and at no great expense. Such efforts are in line with the increasing tendency to bring all educational facilities to the farmer's home. Better a hundred small meetings with competent, well-equipped instructors than one or two showy, costly meetings attended chiefly by a few gray-headed veterans who alone have time and money for travel. The best of instruction is useless unless it reaches the mass of young, hard-working farmers who really need it and who can put it to practical use.

Every farmer cannot visit the experiment station and learn what is being done there, but he can attend the meetings held near his home, and see the actual process of the work being carried on. For instance, the Missouri station, which is one alluded to has been for years carrying on tests for the best and cheapest methods of improving land, choosing varieties of grain or grass, learning the best ways of cultivation, trying effect of rotations and the value of different crops, the best types of farm animals, the best remedies for insects and diseases, and the like. The special institute car carries about specimens of important grasses and forage plants, collection of food stuffs, old and new, samples of the leading kinds of commercial fertilizers, with statements of their value and proper use, paintings, charts and stereoscopic views, illustrating the most profitable beef and dairy cattle, samples of properly grown fruit trees, illustrating how to prune, graft and bud, collections of spraying apparatus and materials for spraying, which are shown in actual use. Diseases of fruit trees are illustrated, and how to prevent them. The car is a most complete of the work in different departments of the experiment station, and illustrating student life at the college, and, finally, the best farmers' books and papers, bulletins and reports. It will be readily seen that the institute car is a short course in agriculture brought to the farmers' very doors. The railroads of the State co-operate by transporting the car over the lines without any cost, so that the plan is the least expensive to the farmer of any that could be followed with such promise of thorough results.

The Venezuelan Question.

A sensible decision was reached when the Venezuelan question was referred to the tribunal at The Hague. It was established to arbitrate disputes between nations, and it ought not to fall into innocent demerits through lack of business. The European powers would have preferred President Roosevelt as an arbitrator, because, no doubt, they believed quicker results could be reached through his prompt conclusions, and his claims therefore settled at an earlier day than they would be by a deliberative body that, on account of its long discussions, must move slowly.

President Roosevelt was wise in declining to act as a sole arbitrator, for he could not satisfy all concerned, and in the end would come in probably for considerable personal abuse. The tribunal is impersonal, and if its decisions are severely criticised, it will no more mind it than does Congress, collectively, for instance, when it is called hard names.

Archbishop Temple.

The great leaders in the religious world, like all other men, pass away from time to time "to the Great Beyond," but the death of a great man is a loss to the world. A strong and striking figure, one who in the opinion of competent judges was the greatest man in the whole Anglican communion, has just

crossed the dark river. If we accept Disraeli's definition that "a great man is one who affects his generation," then we must surely say that the late Archbishop of Canterbury was a great man. He did not possess in such a marked degree the dignity of Howley, the personal piety of Sumner, the judgment of Longley, the astuteness of Tait, or the many-sidedness of Benson; but, in strength of intellect, in grasp of his subject, and in freedom of purpose, he was not surpassed by any one of his immediate predecessors.

The son of an officer in the army, he was born Nov. 30, 1831, and educated at the grammar school at Tiverton, whence he proceeded to Oxford. He became a scholar of Balliol College, and graduated in 1852 as a double first class. Elected fellow and mathematical tutor of his college, he was ordained in 1856. From 1858 to 1865 he was principal of the training college at Kneller Hall, near Twickenham, and from 1865 until 1888 he was one of the government inspectors of schools. He was then appointed head master of Rugby School. This position he filled with marked success until 1890, when he became bishop of Exeter. In 1895 Dr. Temple was translated from Exeter to London. Since 1896 he has been Archbishop of Canterbury.

Dr. Temple's father died when he was young, leaving a widow in very straitened circumstances. The subject of this brief sketch became at once the stay and support of the family, and was an exemplary son and brother. He was not ashamed to say that he was often obliged to wear patched clothes and shoes.

Dr. Temple was a politician, a scholar and a social philosopher, and thoroughly familiar with the whole course and question of education in its broadest and most comprehensive aspects. Earnest and rugged, he looked as if he had been hewn out of a block of granite.

Although not an orator, he spoke with great force and had always the courage of his convictions. He was a sound churchman, a practical and sensible preacher, a man of thought and action, and a tremendous worker. His manner was brusque, but he had a large and tender heart. When bishop of Exeter, he once said to a country clergyman, "Now you go away and take a rest for two or three weeks, and I will look after the parish myself in your absence."

The late archbishop had extremely regular and punctual habits, and was endowed with great physical strength. At college, in order to save the cost of candles in his room, he used to read by the light of the gas on the stairs. As a young man he had thought nothing of a fifty-mile walk in one day.

As bishop he ruled with relentless discipline, but consistent justice. When in Exeter he preached in tents, on village greens, and on the wild moor, and in the elder-drinking west of England he was famous as one of the few "teetotal bishops." Dr. Temple's views of life were serious and he never indulged in small talk. He did not believe in frittering away his time in superficial activities, and he had a scarcely veiled contempt for pomps and pageants and the hollow unreality often associated therewith. The Archbishop of Canterbury is Prime of all England and takes precedence in court ceremonies immediately after the royal dukes.

Although his salary is \$15,000 (\$75,000), the expenses of the archbishop are tremendous. Dr. Temple has said that, although he managed to save some money when at Rugby, so often did beggars jog his episcopal elbow that, when he became Bishop of London, he had to borrow \$2000; and so little could he save from his episcopal income of \$10,000 in the metropolis of the world, that only a legacy left to his wife enabled him to pay back this loan. The following story is told as illustrating Dr. Temple's courage and sincerity: When Bishop of Exeter one of his clergy walked seven miles on a hot, dusty, thirty day in order to consult his diocesan about an important matter. He had scarcely spoken to the bishop when a bell rang. Whereupon Dr. Temple abruptly dismissed his caller with the remark: "I must go to lunch." The clergyman felt this treatment keenly, and when the convention of the diocese met (with Dr. Temple in the chair), he stood up and told his grievance in detail, adding that he thought the bishop had been lacking in fatherly sympathy, and had not been (as a bishop should be) "given to hospitality."

Not a trace of feeling was visible on the bishop's face as he listened to the speaker; but when it became his duty to address the convention, he said, among other things: "As to what Mr. A. says, his narrative is true, and the accusation is just."

The city will always be an electric battery of thrilling forces that stir and fascinate. But while city life stimulates it also wears and the tired mind and body soon long for a country home, the natural dwelling place of average human beings, where the light for life is less terrific, and the man has time and strength to enjoy his privileges. The country now rivals the city on its own grounds; mail delivery, trolley roads, telephones, libraries, social clubs, are all within reach of the farmer in the more favored localities, and these facilities are constantly being extended in scope and reach. Not that a farmer's happiness depends on these things. Health, good conscience, family, friends, business success, may make his wither-torn body happy, but such facilities are mentioned here because they are so often thought of as city privileges, yet which are now accessible to millions of town and country dwellers. The young man of today who scorns the city and stays on the farm will most likely find in time that quite enough of the city will come to him.

Expert Fruit Growers Meet.

The winter meeting of the Massachusetts Fruit Growers Association at Lunenburg, Dec. 18, drew the largest attendance of any meeting ever held by the organization. The morning speaker was Professor Rane of New Hampshire Agricultural College, who spoke enthusiastically on the possibilities of New England horticulture. Farming, the speaker said, could not compete with other occupations under the old haphazard methods. A farmer must have the best of instruction, systematic methods, and must have the natural instincts of the farmer, or acquire them. "Take agriculture out of our country," declared Professor Rane, "and what is left? Barren hills, rocks, minerals and forests, that is all."

The speaker thought that horticulture is more profitable than agriculture in New England, the opportunities along that line not being developed. There were some things in horticulture that draw out the better instincts. A mean and dishonest man seems cut of place raising fruit, flowers and other horticultural products. "In the comfort and improvement of our homes alone, horticulture more than returns interest on the investment. Farmers, as a whole,

drop far short of their possibilities. It is believed that the profits are far more than those of dairying. A tree of first-class Baldwin would return as much profit as a cow, yet what farmer would exchange a cow for an apple tree, for the reason that he does not realize the actual profits that his tree returns. We must not consider one year, when the prices are low, but rather a period of years, in which prices are sure to average well."

Professor Rane had traveled all over the fruit-growing sections of the country and believed that none of them offered greater opportunities than New England. A poor farmer, he thought, would not make a good horticulturist. A prime essential was definiteness of purpose. He must study business methods and the possibilities under his conditions and aim high.

In the discussion which followed W. D. Hinds of Townsend inquired what could be done to increase the consumption of apples. He suggested that growers combine to raise a fund for advertising native fruit in the city papers. City people, he thought, ate too much beef. The qualities of baked apples especially needed advertising. Professor Rane suggested that choice varieties be grown, carefully graded and packed. There was much more in grading and packing than many farmers realize, and the only way to learn how to put them up was to study the markets. J. J. H. Gregory of Marblehead advised that consumption should be increased by improving the quality of culture. Mr. Newman of Lunenburg inquired how growers could make a profit at two cents a quart for plums and three cents for currants.

Professor Rane thought these prices very exceptional and did not apply to fruit of good quality. In most sections, plums and currants could be put on the local markets for ten cents and twelve cents, per quart, if large and of fair quality.

In the afternoon Prof. S. T. Maynard gave an interesting lecture on the varieties and care of orchard fruit; Williams and Astrachans were his favorites for early varieties. The Williams were an excellent variety to be sold from fruit stands. Gravensteins should be grown on rather light but deep, loamy soil. The bark is apt to crack on clay soil. The Wealthy was an early and prolific bearer and does not show bruises. The McIntosh is something like the Fameuse, but is not very productive. The Hubbardston bears every year, and exceeds the Baldwins in the average yield, but the fruit drops easily. The Baldwins seem to be giving the most profit in this section at present. The different types of Baldwins, ranging from a small, not highly colored apple of high quality and long-keeping powers, to a large and highly colored fruit, not so good to keep, not so highly flavored. Rhode Island Greenings are probably not so profitable in most markets. Their quality is poor this year. A defect of the Baldwins, noticed in some localities, is a tendency to spot just under the skin. The Sutton Beauty seems free from this defect and is becoming popular, having, in general, all the good qualities of the Baldwin.

For orchard soil, is needed deep, strong, grass land. It is a problem whether we can produce good fruit and good growth without cultivating the land. I get the quickest returns from cultivation, but in some cases the soil will not allow sufficient cultivation, and the question then becomes one of plant food and moisture. Many orchards are on moving land where the grass is pumping all the moisture during the weeks when the trees ought to be making the most growth. If trees are left uncultivated, they should be given plant food and moisture in some way.

Fruit should be graded to uniform standard. Dealers want large lots sorted alike; for that reason growers should co-operate to the extent of sorting and packing by a common standard so that dealers could rely upon what they would be getting. Fruit trees should be trimmed often, giving full exposure, but retaining enough branches to shade the main branches and trunk. A tree which is allowed to grow tall and is then trimmed, will throw out a lot of suckers along the trunk; the grower is likely enough to cut these and injure the tree with every stroke. A tree should be trained properly and then trimmed lightly and frequently to give enough exposure to sun and air.

Among pears, Bartlett's are the best money-makers. The Seckel always sells for good prices, if trimmed so that the fruit grows large. Bosc is a good fruit, of specially good quality and sure to sell, but is very likely to drop from the trees. In growing plums at the college grounds, we find that black knot can be prevented by spraying, also plum curculio. We have not had to spray the tree for fifteen years. Such spraying kills many of the curculio, and we have had to remove one-fourth to three-quarters of the plums every year to prevent over bearing. Tree lice are very troublesome, and spraying should begin very early to kill the most of them.

Cherries should be grown much more extensively in this section. Sweet cherries are much more difficult to grow than the sour kinds, because more liable to splitting of the trunks and attacks of tree lice. Among the sweetest kinds are the Napoleon, Governor Wood, Yellow Spanish, Windsor, Sour kinds, Early Richmond, Montmorency and Late Morello. We cannot give cherries the high culture of some other fruit, although quite cultivation can be given on light land. Growers are advised to hold to standard kinds and let the experiment stations take care of new kinds, until it is known that they are valuable. In reply to inquiry, Professor Maynard stated that the most hardy peach tree is the Oldmixon, but the tree with the most hardy bud is the Oldmixon most profitable for New England conditions.

Mr. Rich of Worcester: It does not pay to consider quality; good skin, good color and good size sell the fruit; let quality go. There is no end to the sale of apples of best appearance. Clerks in produce stores have no time to tell of quality, and the customer would not believe it if they should.

Mr. Watts, Natick: It is the looks that sell. Apples of some color will not sell. I get twenty-five cents more a barrel for apples of high color in Boston. Palmer Greenings are a fruit of splendid flavor, but will not sell for lack of bright color. Baldwins are not fit to use, but the color sells them.

Mr. Warren, Weston: It is the same with strawberries; the Timbrel is of fine quality, but on taking this fruit to my most particular customers, they said: "No, we do not want that thing, we have something that will take the eye." You must have looks, and if you can get good quality, all right.

Mr. Rich: A fruit grower of my acquaintance found that Ben Davies would sell readily until he marked them York Imperial, a fruit which looks about the

same, and his returns were greatly increased.

Secretary Sharp: The speakers who advise appearance rather than quality are a little inconsistent, since they admit a poor apple will not sell unless they are called by the name of an apple which is good like the York Imperial. How long will it be before consumers find it out and will they buy the apples? An apple of poor quality may sell well for a few years, but people soon find them out.

Mr. Mead, Lunenburg: I protest against dishonest marking. Fruit should be sold for what it is. There is not any trouble in getting good prices for good stuff.

Mr. Rich: I did not intend to advise dishonest marking, but insist that you must have appearance as well as quality. Many high-quality apples are not shown.

Mr. Hines: This fall I learned the value of high color when shipping highly colored windfalls to Liverpool, which brought \$2.12 per barrel, considerably more than I am getting for No. 1s. I am thinking that I would pay me to let the whole crop stay long enough to color up the same way. Trimming the tops increases the color of fruit. Fertilizer will change the color, also soil on which the fruit is grown; stock on which the variety was budded also has influence.

The Pork Producer.

Don't feed the brood now much rich food for a few days after farrowing.

Violent pig-eating sows are a nuisance, and would better be turned into this year's pork product.

Julius and liquid food always stimulates the milk flow and is good for the sow with a numerous litter.

Castrate the male pigs at about five weeks of age.

A feed of clover hay three or four times a week is a good winter food and a prime tonic and regulator.

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PAGE FENCE WORKS, PERRYVILLE, PA.

is, in conjunction with other foods, its laxative and cooling effect on the system of an animal cannot be estimated by its composition. From one to three pounds per day will be ample for most animals for this purpose.

LAND WHEAT \$100.—D. F. T., Carroll County, Md.: Such a price would be considered very cheap for land near enough to our large cities to be available for a market garden. In the thicker settled parts of the Eastern States, land is often wanted for gardening that it is worth for this purpose \$1000 per acre, but it is close to the large cities.

HEAVY WHEAT.—A. G., Stoughton, Mass.: Although somewhat of a close case the party ought to recover for the loss of the hens. When orders the wheat, if nothing is said about its quality, it would be implied that he should receive wheat in ordinary condition, and having it in the wheat would be a thing of an ex-

MODERN BEE CULTURE.

Instantly your attention has been called to the subject of bee-keeping by the receipt of a copy of the "A B C of Bee Culture," an illustrated cyclopedic published by the A. I. Root Company, Medina, O. In this book we find that comb honey cannot be manufactured, and the reason why. We find that honey is no longer squeezed out of the comb in the old-fashioned way, but is drawn out by a honey-extractor without injuring the comb in the least. We find that the modern hive is as complete and perfect as all modern appliances are, and that bees, if managed properly, can form the source of a considerable income. We remember back when young grandmothers used to tell us about their bees kept in skeps, and how they were brimstoned to get

Success with Close Stabling.
My stable is large, airy, well ventilated and warm. The sun shines through several windows in the rear nearly all day. Six-foot space behind the cattle gives ample room to work and for the cows to stand and liek while loose for drinking. Running spring water flows continually in small stream into a large tank behind the cows, and overflows into another large tub where the cattle drink during the summer.

Shutters in front close everything up tight that manure or water never freezes.

Every morning between eight and nine o'clock I empty several pails of boiling water into that already in the tank, and let the cattle to it, two at a time, when they drink their fill, and although I again let them out to the tank at night, they seldom drink. The cows are put up the first cold day of fall (this year about Nov. 15), and never

Size 6 x 8. We asked a committee of artists to select popular paintings of the world's famous "HORSE FAIR," by Rosa Bonheur; "The Cossacks," "LOST," by Schenck; "The Reading from Homer," by J. M. W. Turner; "Duchess of Devonshire," by Sir Joshua Reynolds; "Ferryman," by Bayard Rustin; and "Kaiser Wilhelm." We have made fine photographic reproductions of each painting, size 6 x 8, on stiff cardboard. On the back of each is a sketch of the artist. This series is sold as art and to those who simply like to own a picture as this set, of these paintings is available at the entire set for 8 cents.

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Richter; "FERRYMAN," by Bayard
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Our homes.

The Workshop.

KNITTED KNEE-CAPS.

Four ounces of Scotch yarn shade desired. Bone needles No. 10. (As there has been some trouble in getting needles by number as I direct, a No. 10 needle of bone or rubber is a size or two larger than the coarsest steel. Most stores dealing in such materials have a gauge to measure size of needles.)

Cast on 48 stitches, and knit 14 plain rows.

15th row—Slip 1, 23 plain, increase 1 by picking up a stitch and knitting it plain, then knit plain to end.

Knit 23 more rows like the 15th, when there will be 72 stitches on needle. Knit 14 plain rows.

Next row—Slip 1, 23 plain, narrow, knit rest plain. Knit 23 more rows like last one, when there will again be 48 stitches on needle.

Knit 14 plain rows and bind off. Sew the knee-cap up, joining where you cast on to the bound-off part.

Crocheted Bedroom Slippers—Use double Germantown and a bone hook.

Chain 12, and work in ribbed crochet, that is, double crochet (which is—insert hook in stitch, draw yarn through, then through 2 stitches on hook, for ribbed crochet, work always into back part of stitch.) Now in your chain 12 work one double crochet in each stitch (back part.)

2d row—One double in every stitch, except the one in centre, work 3 double, all in this stitch, then 1 double in each of rest.

Every row is alike, always working the increase in centre stitch.

When 30 ridges or 60 rows are done (or less for a small foot) begin the sides of the slipper, thus:

1st row—Work 18 stitches as usual in double crochet, now turn and work backward on these stitches till the slipper is long enough, end off and go to the other side. Sew together at heel. Sew on to cork soles. Finish with crochet shells and ribbon.

EVA M. NILES.

Holiday Gifts.

The first rule about holiday gifts is to never make one so costly that it is a burden for the receiver to make equal return, unless it is so much so that equal in return is out of the question.

One of the things all housekeepers like is holders, and very pretty ones may be made by using plaid gingham worked with cross-stitch or the pretty stitches used for sofa pillows or a few years ago. Sofa pillows are always in order, and here one can use their own ideas. One sure to please is made of the picture cloth, and here again every one's hobbies can be recognized. I mean the cloth that is prepared so that photographs may be printed upon it. Old home scenes make welcome pillows to the one far away. College views make a pillow dear to the college boy's heart. Favorite animals to the lover of the dog.

Have a home Christmas tree and go to as many more as you can. Trim with tissue paper, not only the tree, but the whole house. Use also the tinsel you can get. Use nuts, candy and fruit, the best you can get and as freely as you can.

Don't be disturbed if you know some one has more or better. If that feeling comes ask some one to share your good times who have not as much as you have, and watch and see how much enjoyment may be taken with the things you call common.

Make small cakes, lots of them, and treat all your callers—send to your old friends and your young friends. Of course, the cakes are to be frosted and made gay with candy, raisin mud-turtles, currants, citron or cocoanut. Home-made candy and popcorn balls with apples make a treat within the reach of almost everybody.

Now don't spoil the day telling the Santa Claus lies. Celebrate Christmas because it is the day set apart to celebrate Christ's birth, and in a way to be consistent with Christ's teaching. CORA MORSE.

Royalton, Vt.

Overpetted Pets.

Possibly the dog world might afford a better specimen of a living skeleton than one in the kennel next to the door of a boarding-place for animals, but it would take a day's journey to find him.

"What makes him so thin?" was asked of the attendant.

"He won't eat," was the reply. "That is, he won't eat hospital food. He's been spoiled. Lots of dogs and cats that are brought here have been spoiled. Their owners think it a sign of high breeding to cultivate an appetite for a peculiar and unnatural diet. They train animals to eat all kinds of food that they would never touch if of their own volition. This emaciated fellow has been taught to like fruit. He is particularly fond of pears, but in case he can't get them, peaches, apples and bananas are a fairly satisfactory substitute. Unfortunately, his present ailment makes a fruit diet extremely dangerous, and since he is deprived of his favorite food he is literally starving himself to death."

The attendant passed on to a neighboring cage and poked his finger sportively into the side of a large gray cat that "meowed" plaintively in response to his cheery "Hello, there, Caesar." The cat had such a healthy, wholesome appearance that the visitor inquired what meat he was fed upon. "Hump!" said the attendant. "You've missed it there. He doesn't feed upon meat. He's a vegetarian. He likes onions better than anything else, unless it's melons. A good many cats like melons, and most of them are also partial to raw asparagus. The fact is, you might run through a list of all the dishes that find a place on any up-to-date menu, and you will find that some of our patients have acquired a taste for them. This epicurean appetite may denote aristocratic tendencies on the part of my boarders, but I don't approve of it. Most of these acquired tastes are a perversion of the natural animal appetite, and it is likely to prove harmful in the end. The trick is pretty expensive for us fellows that run cat-and-dog boarding-houses, and I'd like to put a stop to it."—N. Y. Times.

When Your Joints Are Stiff

and muscles sore from cold or rheumatism, when you slip and sprain a joint, strain your side or bruise yourself, Perry Davis' Painkiller will take out the soreness and give you right in a jiffy. Always have it with you, and use it freely. USE

Painkiller

Simple Tests for Cloth.

Silk, cotton and wool, these are the three materials of cloth, and by the methods given, the purchaser can at least make certain that she is obtaining what she paid for.

Of the goods sold as "all wool," there is not one-tenth that is genuine. In the greater part, the main component is cotton. The test is simple. All that is necessary is to pull out a few threads and apply a lighted match. Cotton will go off in a blaze; wool will shrivel up.

To distinguish true, pure linen from the counterfeit article is even easier. The intending buyer need but wet her finger and apply to the goods. If they be pure linen, the moisture will pass straight through; the spot touched will be soaked at once, and almost immediately one side will be as wet as the other.

Frauds are more numerous in silk than in any other fabric, but here, also, the material of adulteration is cotton. Its presence can readily be discovered. Draw a few threads out. The pieces of cotton will snap off short when pulled, while the silk will stretch and permit a considerable pull before breaking.

Concerning silk, it may be remarked that the stuff our grandmothers used to talk about that "stood by itself" is not necessarily the best. Modern ingenuity has devised means by giving the poorest article the body requisite for this purpose.

Shellac and other sticky substances mixed through the fabric will produce a stiff silk as ever graced the closet of an ancestral mansion. Such stuff is quite worthless. It rots away in no time. As a matter of fact, the silks most prized at present are of the soft variety, with no more rigidity than muslin.

Counterfeit, machine-made lace is often offered as the genuine hand-made article. At first glance, it is identical with the real thing. Even one who is not an expert, however, can distinguish the difference with a little care. Machine lace is always exactly regular in patterns, every figure the same shape, length, thickness, and so forth. In the hand-made article there are always little irregularities.

Disinfection.

The sense in which this term is popularly used is often all wrong, or perhaps one ought to say, only partly right. When people say they will "disinfect" something, they generally mean that they will use some chemical to destroy a bad smell, or mask it by another bad smell. The odor in itself is all the while quite harmless, although disagreeable, and even if it were a terrible menace, the drowning of it in another bad smell would not lessen the danger. As a matter of fact, many of the worst products of decomposition are odorless. When people use the word, therefore, in this sense, they should say "deodorize"—which is what they mean.

A disinfectant means, in the correct use of the term as defined by the American Public Health Association, "An agent capable of destroying the infective power of infectious material." It is plain from this definition that there can thus be no "disinfection" in the absence of infectious material, and further, that there is no such thing as "partial disinfection"; either the infecting power is destroyed, or it is not. Simply to arrest putrefactive decomposition is properly called "antisepsis," and it has been proved that many things used as deodorizers (small-destroyers) and as antiseptics (decomposition-arresters) are utterly useless for the destruction of disease germs. It will be seen from this that danger may arise in such diseases as small-pox, typhoid fever and cholera from a misunderstanding of these words.

There are many ways of disinfecting, and much interesting research is going on in this direction all the time. Here is one of the most efficacious disinfecting agents we have, and for clothing there is nothing better than boiling for half an hour. Clothes that this would injure can be subjected to dry heat or to sulphur fumigation. Chloride of lime, formaldehyde, carbolic acid are also powerful disinfectants, and so also is burning sulphur, which destroys not only the germs of disease, but also the insects which frequently harbor those germs. Disinfectants are sometimes used in sick-rooms, but they cannot take the place of cleanliness and free ventilation. Infectious material lodges in dust on ledges and in corners, and, therefore, a sick room should be kept clean from day to day. Nearly all modern hospitals are built not only with interior walls which can be washed easily, but with curves in place of angles or sharp corners in the rooms, so that there shall be no lodging places for dust.—Youth's Companion.

College Girls and Marriage.

There is undoubtedly much to be said in favor of the college education for women, but there is also something to be said against it.

Very indirectly, of course, but not the less surely, higher education for women is a blow at the home. The college girl for four years has a mighty pretty time of it. In girls' colleges or coeducational institutions she is a young queen. The institution is managed solely in her interest; she is a great factor in its social life. To it is another that she gets a high idea of herself and her mission to the world.

In college she meets the best minds of today and of the old days. She hobnobs familiarly with Horace; she is taught that Macaulay was a poor chap when it came to writing and thinking. She could show Shelley his mistakes as a poet, and can tell why Frode should not be taken too seriously as a historian. Is it any wonder that she gets a high opinion of herself? Is it any wonder that she has no very correct conception of value?

Shall she, one of the elect, marry a plain man who has never read "Quis munda gratia"? Shall she, this young Diana Minerva, go into retirement and teach an ordinary baby to say "boo"? Can one blame her very much if, with her ideas, she hangs back? And that she does hang back statistics and your own experience will prove to you.

The question is whether it is possible to keep to higher education for women without driving them away from their duties as mere members of a social organization. One way would be to shorten the term required for graduation. Another way would be to urge on all women as strongly as possible the necessity of seeing life whole, and to show them that knowledge and happiness are not always the same thing. But the best way of all would be to combine more common-sense education with the so-called "higher." If girls were taught that to know how to do the many little things that make a family happier is better than being able to draw a diagram of the interior of a cat, "higher" education would be

more to the purpose. It is important to impress on these girl graduates the fact that a woman who raises up a family is greater than she who takes a city.—Woman's Home Companion.

To Light a Dark Wall.

A woman who has long found the narrow hall of her house dark, and difficult to treat in any way that made the entrance to the residence attractive, has transformed it, to its great improvement, by letting in a mirror from the floor to the ceiling on one side. This is opposite the parlor door, and the light from that department, falling on the mirror, was entirely back into the hall, for the much better lighting, while the apparent size of the little place is greatly increased. The mirror is, of course, unframed, and is fitted in between cornice and baseboard, and finished at the sides with a flat moulding that seems a part of the woodwork. The value of this treatment is not realized until it is tried. Often a blank stretch of wall that seems a hopeless stretch of space may offer the transforming opportunity. Care must be taken not to overdo the treatment in such a way as to create the effect of a hotel corridor or public hall; but judiciously used under the care of a good architect, the plan is to be commended.—Exchange.

Domestic Hints.

OMELETTE SUFFLEE.

Separate the yolks from the whites of six eggs, add to the former sugar to taste, about five spoonsful of powdered sugar, rice-flour, and flavor with lemon juice, vanilla or orange flower water, stirring up these ingredients together. Whip the whites of the eggs, mix them lightly with the batter, and put the batter into a small omelette pan. Set the pan over a bright, but gentle fire; when the omelette is set, turn the edges over to make it an oval shape, and slip it on to a silver dish, which has been previously well buttered. Put the omelette in a bubble pot twelve to fifteen minutes; sprinkle finely powdered sugar over the soufflee, and serve it immediately.

WHITE POTATO SOUP.

Into a cupful of mashed potatoes pour a pint of hot milk and a tablespoonful of melted butter. Cook together a tablespoonful each of butter and flour, and pour upon them a pint of rich milk. When thick and smooth, pour this into the potato soup, stir well, and season with salt and pepper; stir in a tablespoonful of minced parsley, and pour gradually upon a beaten egg. Serve at once.

MARSHMALLOW FILLING FOR CAKE.

Stir five tablespoonfuls of pure gum-arabic into a scant half cupful of cold water, then stir in a cupful of powdered sugar, and when the mixture is thick, beat it in a porcelain-lined saucepan, and boil steadily until a little dropped into cold water forms a soft ball between the thumb and forefinger. Have the white of an egg beaten and enough to bind alone, and strain the mixture into the egg white, and beat it very steadily as you do so. Flavor with vanilla, dip a knife in hot water, and with it spread the marshmallow filling on the cake.—Harper's Bazar.

WALNUT WAFFERS.

Beat two eggs very light and add to them half a pound of brown sugar; beat again and stir in half a cup of flour, with a quarter of a teaspoonful of baking powder, and a half of a teaspoonful of salt. Beat the mixture until it is light and fluffy, then drop it by spoonfuls into a hot pan of oil, and fry until browned. Drain on a paper, and serve with maple syrup.

BOILED PIG'S FEET.

Cream two tablespoonfuls of butter. Work the feet into it, and add a little salt, a dash of cayenne and one-half a tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley. After removing the cloth from each piece brush with melted butter and dust with white sugar. Place in a broiler and broil over a clear fire for six minutes. Transfer to a hot platter and spread with prepared butter.

OYSTERS RALE.

Shew one quart of oysters and chop them fine. Take six potatoes, boil and mash them and pass them through a colander; work into them one egg of cream, the yolks of four eggs, some finely chopped parsley, pepper, salt, a little nutmeg, and a dash of onion powder. Place in a hot pan and fry until browned. Drain on a paper, and serve with maple syrup.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Warm bread or cake, and, in fact, warm food of all kinds, does not keep so long as cold food. Vegetables become soggy and unfit for food when treated in this careless manner.

One of the prettiest novelties for the Christmas tree are the little imitation walnuts and almonds made of paper. They are made of a light-colored paper, and are painted to look like the real thing. They are very cheap, and are a nice touch to the tree.

The delicious flavor which all travelers in France discover in the coffee of that country is got, it is said, by the addition of a little butter and sugar during the roasting process. To every three pounds of roasting berries, a tablespoonful each of butter and sugar is added. These in melting spread over the beans in a thin coating, which holds the aroma and contributes a caramel flavor that is delicious and distinctive.—Harper's Bazar.

Either a bread dressing or a stuffing of mashed potatoes and cranberries is the traditional good thing of the Christmas dinner. The potato dressing is made in the proportion of two cups of nicely crushed sage, a tablespoon of cayenne pepper, one of salt, and the yolks of two eggs. This is for people who eschew onions. For those who do not the recipe calls for an additional cup of fried onions. Beat up well before filling the good. Garnish with sliced stuffed apples and pickled walnuts, or with baked apples which have been stung full of cloves. Apples cooked in butter and sugar are a delicious accompaniment of such rich and oily meat as goose.

A few drops of lemon juice or vinegar put in the water in which cauliflower is to be cooked will greatly preserve its whiteness.

When apples have to be cored, but served whole, it is advisable to core before peeling them, as they are then less liable to break.

Remember that after you have put into the oven the door should on no account be opened for the first twenty minutes. Neither should it be shut with a slam. When you do open it, close it as gently as possible, or the cake will probably be heavy.

Prepare cranberries at least twenty-four hours before they are used, in order that they may be properly plumped. To one quart or four cups of cranberries, after they have been looked over, add one cup of boiling water. Boil the cranberries continuously for twenty minutes, stirring them frequently. After the water has boiled away, add sugar and boil them again for ten full minutes. Watch them constantly, as they are especially liable to burn after the sugar is added. When the cranberries are done turn them out on one jelly bowl or any moulds preferred. Before serving dip the mould for an instant in hot water and turn them out. They will be jelled in the perfect form of the mould if these directions have been complied with.

Suede-dressed, light-weight calicoes or silk-lined taffeta gowns stitched with heavy silk points are in steady demand just now. Kid gloves of reddish Venetian brown stitched with black or a darker shade of brown are worn with fashionable promenade costumes. Fashionable women give preference to Swedish kid gloves for most dress occasions, and almond, tan, biscuit, corn color, and an odd shade like deep old rose are favored. For cool weather, riding and driving, buckskin and dogskin gloves are sold in large quantities, and for general wear there are deep shades of mahogany, beet-root red, natural colors, seal and golden brown, mouse gray and dark green. The newest evening gloves are in tints of lady's eye, cameo, opal gray, tea rose, pink, rosy mauve,

brown, golden-rod yellow, sea green, pale dove color, mushroom and magnolia, pearl and snow white.

Fashion Notes.

Large Directors shoulder capes and revers, very deep Anne of Austria collars, and long flat scarf ends and stole fronts are used as a finish to many of the skirt length or three-quarter Cambray, pinks, and Empire cloaks for ball and opera wear.

Nothing looks better in its way than a costume of one color or one shading from light to dark in the same hue. For example, a very quiet color-made dress, certainly not lacking in taste, was entirely gray—three different shades of this color being introduced. Three different cloths went to make the dress, namely, cloth, velvet and peau de cygne of rich luster, all of which had been dyed a different shade of gray. The variation of what might have been monotonous thus being produced. Brown in three tones makes up most attractively, so do the rich plum and dahlia shades. The chosen tints should blend celestially with the color. Two shades of a color between the tones has the effect of actual contrast, and when a single color is under consideration the aim should be to blend by five degrees. A warm tone of gray combines beautifully with white, and applied for color combinations are more effective than the mingling of white and black. A large expanse of white satin or silk on the bodice or coat, unless tastefully tempered with lace, gimp, embroidery, French knots, looks harsh, crude, and invariably most trying.

Among a recent invoice of theatre and dinner boules was a beautiful model in golden brown panne velvet over an under-bodice of ecru gulle draped over tea-rose pink satin. Portions of the velvet were strapped to the bodice with small oval gold buttons.

A blouse of light blue moire had a tucked chiffon yoke and undersleeves, and at the lower edge of the yoke was a draped bertha of the chiffon bordered with a band of Persian silk embroidery. Scarf ends of the airy textile edged with floral lace simply knotted in front fell several inches below the waist, and were caught at the belt with a gold sash with a jeweled belt. A full but not drooping model of scarlet chiffon was accented with a wide band of black velvet, and decorated with very handsome appliques of cream guipure and black velvet bows. A theatre waist of ring-tipped white silk net had a pointed collar and girle of white moire covered everywhere with point applique lace. The bodice and Hungarian sleeves were laced with narrow orange-velvet ribbon. A plaited blouse of Chartruse-green mousseline de sole was finished with a small pointed bolero of champagne de vin lace, the upper skirt bordered in green and gold paillettes and finished with lace revers.

A pretty mauve-tinted zibeline gown for a young girl has a French jacket bodice open over a tucked blouse of violet, wood-brown and stem-embroidered taffeta. The revers and square collar are faced with the silk, and the undersleeves are also of the plaid, with three tiny ruffles at the hem. The long overskirt is deeply pointed on the front and sides, and at the back reaches to the drop skirt. The effect of the plaid skirt is finished with five rows of silk stitching.

The new Russian blouses with their added material below the waist gave their wearers the appearance of having on a double-skirted dress, the upper skirt being of a lighter shade of color, and the lower skirt being of a darker shade. The new Russian blouses reach nearly half-way down the length of the skirt beneath it, and the edges of both skirts are trimmed to correspond, narrow fur bands, stitching, gimp and applique work being the popular trimmings.

A new tailor costume from Calraynes is made of gray wool-faced cloth, the Eton blouse finished with double revers with pointed shawl ends. The larger one is edged with gray silk rib stitching, the upper one covered with gray silk lace, and the lower one with a small deppassant on the vest of golden brown velvet. The girle, which is quite Directors in effect, is made entirely of the costly passementerie, with a finish of narrow position laces. The new Russian blouses are a special design. This model is notably elegant in cream-colored cloth with the deppassants in what the French call "tons eleints," the very delicate tones of old Flemish embroidery. A French coat in black cloth lined with violet peau de sole and trimmed with black applique, shows the fronts turned away to show a strikingly handsome vest of the Flanders embroidery laid over violet silk. These small accessories are among the charming features of present-day fashion.

Other example of this sort of choice decoration consists of scrolls and arabesques of cream guipure in genuine Venetian style on black lisse, with delicately colored flowers in shaded cream, and a wide band of black velvet on the skirt. The new Russian blouses are a special design. This model is notably elegant in cream-colored cloth with the deppassants in what the French call "tons eleints," the very delicate tones of old Flemish embroidery. A French coat in black cloth lined with violet peau de sole and trimmed with black applique, shows the fronts turned away to show a strikingly handsome vest of the Flanders embroidery laid over violet silk. These small accessories are among the charming features of present-day fashion.

A sensible and pretty tea gown, particularly appropriate for the season now with us, is made of geranium-red and black striped cashmere, with a wide collar and cuffs, and a wide band of black lace down the front, rather wide just at the throat and tapering to a point at the waist. Soft red wool pinks dotted in black silk is also a favorite fabric. This, trimmed with narrow gray silk braid, grates over on black velvet, and is a favorite fabric. This, trimmed with narrow gray silk braid, grates over on black velvet, and is a favorite fabric. This, trimmed with narrow gray silk braid, grates over on black velvet, and is a favorite fabric.

A very satisfactory feature of many of the new French and English fashions is the absence of the skirts of street costumes, the English styles particularly showing the absence of the trailing length of seasons past. These models are not short to the extent of looking like a golf skirt, but there is a tendency to the right direction. The best sailor styles on strictly utility suits just swing clear of the ground all around.

Formerly it was considered patchy looking and in bad taste to wear two kinds of fur at one and the same time. Now, a morsel sort of fur blouse is fashionable, and the English styles particularly showing the absence of the trailing length of seasons past. These models are not short to the extent of looking like a golf skirt, but there is a tendency to the right direction. The best sailor styles on strictly utility suits just swing clear of the ground all around.

The wisest silks that are now so fashionable in Paris and London are brought out here as one of the features of the stately style of evening dress that is to show in very effective contrast to the airy diaphanous effects so long in vogue. These silks are not at all stiff, and are made of the finest quality of silk, and are also very beautiful broadened and shadowed moires and shot patterns figured with shadowed chine devices, and pure white moire patterns for bridal gown.

Muscovite silks and lustrous corded silks of various weaves have in a great degree replaced dull taffeta and also peau de sole for gowns for second mourning. For trimming, the lace-lustre cords, galloons and appliques are the leading decorations for the gown and for evening wear, in lighter mourning, crepe de chene, silk warp wool and collette are greatly favored. A very beautiful model from a London outfit is made of black silk-warp with a velvet lining, the skirt finished nearly to the hips with four rows of silk-embroidered rilling mounted over white chiffon. The embroidery is like lace work, and the effect of the designs over the soft white silk must needs be very lovely. The corsage is made wholly of the embroidery, with a wide band of white chiffon caught into wristbands of pearl and dull jet beading wrought in a vine and trellis pattern. The collar matches these bands, and above the upper edge on each side is a plaiting of white chiffon that falls in soft waves upon a portion of the decorated collar.

In the face of all the continued top-heavy

ness of the fashionable headware, it is a relief to come upon a few stores and importing houses where a few pretty simple styles in toques and English walking-hats are to be seen, which are entirely up to date in contour and decoration, but designed for those who seek something that is in no way conspicuous. One such hat, a graceful toque, was made of a beautiful shade of silky chestnut-brown velvet, the crown made of fine French felt. It was trimmed with a cluster of shaded English wall-flowers and three brown ostrich plumes. A number of brown silk tulle loops were mingled with the brilliant flowers. A rich shade of Russian blue velvet formed a stylish hat that had moderately wide wing plumes and draperies lined with white silk. The former were arranged like an Alsatian box on each side of the crown in front. A black silk velvet hat had similar bows in front, arranged like the outstretched wings of a bird, these lined with soft pink satin, with a cluster of shaded pink and crimson velvet roses at one side and a few more under the curved brim of the hat on the left side towards the back. There was also a large round hat in damson colorings, there being four distinct shades on the hat, with its trimmings of velvet flowers, facings and feathers.—N. Y. Evening Post.

The World Beautiful.

Lillian Whiting, in Boston Budget.

O never-falling splendor!
O never-silent song!
Still keep the green earth tender,
Still keep the gray earth strong.

Still keep the brave earth dreaming
Of deeds that shall be done,
While children's lives come streaming
Like sunbeams from the sun!

O angels, sweet and splendid,
Throng in our hearts and sing
The wonders which attended
The coming of the King.

Till we, too, boldly pressing
Where once the shepherds trod,
Climb Bethlehem's Hill of blessing,
And find the Son of God!

—Phillips Brooks.

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the House of the Lord forever."

Christmas—ever new as well as ever old—again radiates its heavenly significance. Again the vision of angels is in the air. Again the marvelous star shines in the sky. Again the world is filled with the sublime messages of peace and goodwill.

Christmas opens the treasure-house of gifts; gold and frankincense and myrrh we bring and lay before our beloved, and whatever the token, the spirit of love goes with it and enriches and exalts.

And in the spirit of love is the only spirit of life. The only vitality, the only energy, is love; and only in exact proportion as there is love is there also life. There is a wonderful promise in the words: "And this shall come to pass if ye will diligently obey the voice of the Lord your God." To "diligently obey the voice" is more than a phrase. To obey the voice is to live the life; it is to fulfill duties; it is to live as to communicate hope and faith with its resultant courage and exhilaration of energy.

It is, perhaps, easy to thank God for joy, but one must thank Him for sorrow, too, for in sorrow and desolation and defeat and denial we draw very near to Him and drink of the cup, and are baptized with the baptism of Jesus. It may well be that in this way does man so absolutely enter into the divine communion as through the desolation and sorrow that leads one to more vividly realize the desolation and the agony of that life whose earthly close was on the cross, yet whose sacrifice was transfigured in the rapture of the Heavenly Vision.

More than a sacred legend is the story of the Child and the Star. As the divine laws of the Universe more fully reveal themselves to man, it ceases to be in any way supernatural and falls into the divine ordering. The angel that appeared to Joseph in a dream appears to all who are sufficiently developed in spiritual perception to recognize his presence and receive his message. "Let us insist," said Phillips Brooks, "that it is good for man to know everything he can know, and believe everything he can believe of the truth of God. But while we will not pull down dogma, let us do all we can to build up life about dogma, and demand of dogma that service which is the real joy of her heart to render to life. I will not hear men claim that the doctrine of the Trinity has no help or inspiration to give to the merchant or the statesman. It has great help, great inspiration. I will not hear men claim that it means nothing to the scholar or the bricklayer whether he believes or disbelieves in the Atonement. It means very much to either. Out of the heart of the doctrine which demand the help of Faith and the truth they have to give. Then I must do all that I can to make the life which needs that help and inspiration hungry for them. I must do all that I can to make the world's ordinary operations know their sacredness and crave the sacred impulse which the dogmas have to give. I must summon all life to look up to the hills. I must teach the world that it is the church, and needs as do all of us, the help of the church's privilege, and so make it cry out to the truths of the Trinity and Atonement to open the depths of their helpfulness, as they never have heard the call to open them when only theologians were calling on them to complete their theological systems, or only a few special souls were asking them for special comforts or assistance. Here, in the assertion of the great human church, is the true adjustment of the relations of Doctrine and Life. Doctrine kept active by life. Life kept deep by doctrine." So the story of Jesus fits into modern experience and communicates its new impulse and energy with every recurring Christmas. New meanings may be read in the familiar words.

Take the wonderful words of the psalm, "Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." These words have a far wider relation than that to mere death, in the sense of the release of the spiritual body from the physical. The "Valley of the Shadow of Death" means all disaster and defeat and denial and despair. It means that those who are walking through these experiences need fear no evil; it means that fear is negation and loss and wreck and ruin, and that alone by faith are we saved; are we enabled to go on that though we—"tread the Wilderness today," we may, indeed, tread—"the promised land to-morrow."

It separates the soul from God; faith unites it with all the infinite potencies of the divine world and enables it to hold its course successfully and reach the Mount of Transfiguration at last.

So the Christmas gives its beautiful lesson of holy living and upward striving. It is the lesson of daily life,—to keep the quality of thought pure and high and noble, and this shall determine all the trend of experience until the soul shall—"Climb Bethlehem's hill of blessing, And find the Son of God!"

The Brunswick, Boston.

Our Lady Readers will Recognize This Picture.



A Fac-Simile of the One Printed on the Wrappers of

Dobbins' Electric Soap

The soap their mothers used to delight in. Dobbins' Electric is the same pure article it was when it was first made and cost up to 10 cents a bar. If your clothes do not last as long and look as well as they used to, it is because your laundress is using some of the cheap trash, loaded with soap or other adulterants, that is sold as soap. Dobbins' is made of pure lard and the finest oils. It whitens the clothes, and preserves them. It is the greatest disinfectant in the world. Sold by all grocers.

DOBBINS' SOAP MANUFACTURING CO., Sole Manufacturers, Philadelphia.

Brilliant.

Though I wander far-off ways,
Dearest, never doubt thou me;

Mine is not the love that strays,
Though I wander far-off ways:

Faithfully for all my days
I have vowed myself thee true;

DISCOMFORT
AFTER MEALS.

Feeling oppressed with a sensation of stiffness, and finding the food both to distasteful and painfully hang like a heavy weight at the pit of the stomach are symptoms of indigestion. With these the sufferers will often have Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acedity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Headache, Disgust of Food, Gaseous Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering of the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dizziness on rising suddenly, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Stiffness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs and Sudden Flushes of Heat. A few doses of

Radway's
Pills

will free the system of all the above-named disorders. Purely vegetable.
Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm Street, New York.
Be sure to get "Radway's."

Poetry.

BLEIGH BELLS.
O'er the hills and through the dells,
Tinkle, tinkle merry bells,
Ringing o'er the drifted way,
Swinging all the sunny day.

By the lakes and forests white
Through the paths of silvery light.
All the world seems bright and gay
When the bells ring out their lay.

Jingle, jingle dancing bells,
Happy hours your music tells.
When the north winds cold blow
And the air is full of snow;

Then how cheerful sound the bells,
Tinkling o'er the hills and dells.
LOUISE LEWIS MATTHEWS.
Blue Hill, Milton, Mass.

THE GOOD OLD HYMNS.

There's lots of good old hymns,
The hymns of long ago;
An' when some gray-haired brother sings
The ones I used to know.

I sorter want to take a hand—I think o' days
Gone by.
"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, and cast
A wistful eye."

There's lots o' music in 'em—those dear, sweet
Hymns of old.
With visions bright of lands of light and shining
And I hear 'em ringing—singing, where memory
Dreaming stands.

"From Greenland's icy mountains to India's
Coral strands."
They seem to sing forever of holier, sweeter
Days.

When the lilies of the love of God bloomed white
In all the ways;
And I want to hear their music from the old-time
Meeting's rise.

Till "I can read my title clear to mansions in the
skies."
We hardly need singin' books in them old days;
We knew

The words, the tunes of every one, the dear old
hymn-books.
We had no blaring trumpets then, no organs built
for show;

We only sang to praise the Lord "from whom all
blessings flow."
An' so I love the dear old hymns, and when my
time shall come—

before the light has left me and my singing lips
are dumb—
If I can only hear 'em then, I'll pass, without a
sigh.

To Canaan's fair and happy land, where
Pantostion lie."
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

A RECIPE FOR A DAY.

Take a little dash of water cold
And a little dash of prayer,
And a little bit of morning gold
Dissolved in the morning air.

Add to your meal some merriment
And a thought for kith and kin,
And then, as your prime ingredient
A plenty of work thrown in.

But spite of it all with the essence of love
And a little whiff of play,
Let a wise old book and a glance above
Complete the well-made day.

HER CAPTAIN, SHE STEERS.

It was a random rhyme,
Blithe-hearted as the May,
Who plucked the flowering climber
Along the river way;

It was the ferryman's daughter,
With gypsy rove and tan,
Who ferried o'er the water
This straying minstrel man.

Her hair had purple tints
Above her seashell ears;
Her eyes had starry glintings,
Her laugh was lyric clear.

He listened and he lingered—
(His trust was one with faith)
Till she, the fairy-fingered,
Had shut day's sunset gate.

Thus oft they met thereafter,
At last no more to part,
For love (or was it laughter?)
Had snared the rhyme's heart.

And now upon life's ocean
The twin together float;
He's captain—she's the notion!
But she still steers the boat!

—Lippincott's.

FOR YESTERDAY.

If it must be we may not meet,
If I am not for you, you are not for me,
What profit that our love was sweet,
Why make we such ado?

Yet for the sake of yesterday,
And all we used to know,
How can I take the lonely way,
How can I let you go?

The years pass on with thorn and flower,
And we grow old and young and true,
The chapters of this life of ours
Are finished one by one:

Yet for the sake of what we were,
And what we yet may be,
God will remember all our prayer
And give him back to me!

There's something strange you must admit,
About a woman's age;
Up to a certain period it
Is on a hidden page.

Or, if she tells it, she'll take off
A dozen years or so,
Unless she lives to ninety-one,
And then, as sure as kingdom come,

She's a hundred and five, you know.
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Miscellaneous.

The Better Way.

"Louise!" "Yes, auntie." "Where is Bob
Hunter?" "He has gone home."
"So early. Why did he go?"
"He had letters to write, he said."

The old woman glanced at the girl, anxiously;
her eyes were dim, but she fancied that Louise
looked as if she had been crying.

"My dear," she said softly. "Bob is only a
man—and you wouldn't let any sense of duty
stand between you and him?"

The girl flushed deeply, and turned her lovely
face toward her questioner.

"No, auntie, don't worry, it isn't a question of
duty."

"I thought perhaps—Bob is no close, he would
object to me, and I would not, not for the world,
keep you apart. The poorhouse has no terrors
for me—not if it makes me happy."

"You have a queer notion of what would make
me happy. No, you are all I have left, and we'll
be a wee together."

And the girl pressed her soft cheek against the
one so old and wrinkled.

"It's hard," murmured the old aunt. "First
there was the old father and mother you nursed
so long, and now there's me—and he's likely
as ever was. He'll be rich, some day."

"Yes," said the girl, quietly. "I know it.
He's made of the stuff that produces rich men.
Let us forget him, for he is not of our world."

"But I topped," persisted the old woman
sadly. "that he might lift you, at least, up to his
world. You work so hard, you are only a girl.
Your life ought to have been no different."

"His world is not above mine," exclaimed
Louise earnestly. "It is far below. I do not care
to step down. Never mention this again, auntie
please."

But when the winter of snow and rain set in,
and Louise had to plod back and forth a mile
through the mud to the little millinery store,
where she was hired at seventy-five cents a day,
the old woman more than once brought up the
name of her old-time lover.

"He's gone to the city," she said one day,
"getting a salary that would make us rich, one
year of it."

Louise, pale and weary, answered nothing, but
the old woman continued plaintively:

"Now if it had been for me you'd been
a living like a queen. Seems like instead of
helping you, as I want to, I only take all your
hopes away. Dear, dear, how long I do live!"

"Hush!" said the girl, sternly. "How unkind
you are! You are all I have in the world. You
are all I have ever had since—since they went
away."

"You're twenty-five," said the old woman,
softly. "you're the prettiest girl for miles around.
I always thought—"

"I'd marry. Well, I won't," answered Louise,
brightly. "for I'm determined to be an old maid."

Bob Hunter had been in the city twenty years.
He was no longer known as Bob, but as Robert
Hunter, millionaire.

He had friends, such as they were, astute
business-fanciers like himself; servants who
ran at his bidding, but not one person in the
whole world who loved him.

Even the little errand boys knew him for what
he was, hard, cold and uncharitable. They were
paid their stipulated prices, never a cent more.
This world and this life was only a place to live
long in, in order to grow rich and richer.

He seldom recalled his old country home; there
were no ties there to hold him. Only, sometimes,
there came a fleeting memory of a fair young
love, the one face in the world he had truly
loved.

"She was a little fool," he would mutter;
"she's been a martyr long enough. I didn't pro-
pose to saddle myself with that old aunt. Well,
she chose her way, I hope she's enjoyed it."

Accident brought back his old home vividly at
last. There was a railroad running through that
part of the country that he desired to buy.

"I'll run out there a few days," he said; "it
will be prudent to do so, and I wonder how the
old place looks by this time, anyway. Nobody
will recognize me, I dare say."

But they did; the newspapers had heralded his
name, and the old neighbors who remembered him
as a boy wanted to see the great man he had
become.

A number of old friends, as they were pleased
to call themselves, undertook to show him around
and to point out the improvements that twenty
years had brought about.

There was a new Court House, a new jail and
lastly a fine large building lately erected for the
county poor-house.

Bob did not care a copper cent to be shown
any of these affairs, but he had his own reasons
for being civil, hence he permitted himself to be
dragged hither and thither and at last actually
found himself inside the handsome new poor-
house.

"The matron will show us through," said the
obsequious friend. "Who knows but you may
run across some of your old acquaintances," he
added, with a slight smile.

In one of the large halls they passed a woman
bending over a little child, who was sobbing
bitterly. The woman sat in a low armchair, and
her face was hidden, but the mass of brown hair
rolled in a knot at the nape of her neck was
heavily streaked with gray.

"Get out of the room, Jimmy," said the matron.
"You are always getting hurt," then turning to
the woman she said, "Have you finished the
shirt?"

The woman raised her head and replied softly
that she had. The sunlight streaming in through
the window brought her head and face and slight
form into bold relief.

He saw her plainly, her voice had betrayed her
even before he had known or guessed her
identity. Yes, it was Louise, older, taller, hair-
less and a beggar, not, exactly that, for it
seemed even here she was a toiler as of old.

"My God!" he thought, "how long has she
been here?"

But they hurried him on, and when once more
in the open air he felt he had not reached it in
his life. He was never so near a fainting fit in
his life.

"Are you ill, Mr. Hunter?" inquired more than
one.

"A little," he replied. "I think I will go to
my room at the hotel and rest until supper."

But no sooner did he find himself alone than he
sent for one of the maids, a girl that he knew had
always lived in the place.

"Mary," said he, "I want to ask you a few
questions, and you're not to tell any one a thing
I shall say. If I make you a present of five
dollars, do you think you can hold your tongue?"

Mary tossed her head and eyed the five-dollar
bill.

"I can tell the truth without being paid. As for
telling anything else, no money could make me
do that."

"Very well, my girl, I only want the truth.
When was Louise Upson taken to—?"

He did not finish, something seemed to choke
back the word.

The girl's eyes opened and grew round as
saucers. Ah, she remembered hearing her
granny tell that Louise Upson had once had a
lover who had gone away and grown rich. Could
it be this was he?

"Only a year ago," she answered softly, pity-
ing the man she saw was really suffering.

He worked as long as she could, but it was rheuma-
tism crippled her feet and she could not run—a
machine, then her hands were bad, too, and—
there wasn't any one to take care of her, so she
asked to be put where she is.

"How long has she been dead?"

"Her aunt! Oh, I can just remember her;
about fifteen years, I think. But a nice, sweet
lady than Miss Louise couldn't be found. Lots
of us cried and would have helped her, but she
said no, she would go where she belonged."

"Where she belonged!" repeated the rich man
in a tone of voice that made the girl's eyes
sparkle.

"Here is your money; take it, and I'll not
forget you, either."

"Thank you," said the maid, smiling joyously.
"You are very kind."

Very kind! Did she wait take up the words
and echo and re-echo them? Kind, very kind!
Him, kind?

He sat for an hour with closed eyes and com-
pressed lips, then, as the shades of evening stole
around, he passed out and sought once more the
matron of the county infirmary.

"It is not the hour for visitors," she said
crossly.

But when he explained that he must see one of
the inmates, privately, and tendered another five-
dollar bill, he was quickly admitted.

He waited for her in a cold, damp room, called
the reception room, and she came at last—at last.
The door opened softly, there was a thump,
thump of two crutches over the floor, and Louise,
wondering and surprised, stood before him.

He bowed and wheeled forward a small stool
upon which she sank, more and more surprised,
for she did not recognize him.

"Louise," he said, huskily, coming out into
the stronger light. "Louise, don't you know me?"

"Yes," he said, taking a seat at her side.
"Bob Hunter. Don't you want to shake hands?"
She half extended her hand and then drew
back.

"Don't, if you don't want to."
"Oh, it isn't that—but my hand—"
He knew, when he took it almost by force; the
pretty, white hand that had been so new drawn
and toll-marked.

He held it between both his own, his head bent
over it, while a hot tear fell upon it.

Louise felt her breath coming and going at a
most surprising rate, while she could not speak.

"I've thought it all over, Louise, ever since I
found out this morning. I never knew I was
a cold-hearted fellow. I was before, but I
know it well enough now."

Still Louise was silent.

"I loved you. I have never loved any one else,
but money was my god, and—and it conquered me.
But I topped," persisted the old woman
sadly. "that he might lift you, at least, up to his
world. You work so hard, you are only a girl.
Your life ought to have been no different."

"His world is not above mine," exclaimed
Louise earnestly. "It is far below. I do not care
to step down. Never mention this again, auntie
please."

But when the winter of snow and rain set in,
and Louise had to plod back and forth a mile
through the mud to the little millinery store,
where she was hired at seventy-five cents a day,
the old woman more than once brought up the
name of her old-time lover.

"He's gone to the city," she said one day,
"getting a salary that would make us rich, one
year of it."

Louise, pale and weary, answered nothing, but
the old woman continued plaintively:

"Now if it had been for me you'd been
a living like a queen. Seems like instead of
helping you, as I want to, I only take all your
hopes away. Dear, dear, how long I do live!"

"Hush!" said the girl, sternly. "How unkind
you are! You are all I have in the world. You
are all I have ever had since—since they went
away."

"You're twenty-five," said the old woman,
softly. "you're the prettiest girl for miles around.
I always thought—"

"I'd marry. Well, I won't," answered Louise,
brightly. "for I'm determined to be an old maid."

Bob Hunter had been in the city twenty years.
He was no longer known as Bob, but as Robert
Hunter, millionaire.

He had friends, such as they were, astute
business-fanciers like himself; servants who
ran at his bidding, but not one person in the
whole world who loved him.

Even the little errand boys knew him for what
he was, hard, cold and uncharitable. They were
paid their stipulated prices, never a cent more.
This world and this life was only a place to live
long in, in order to grow rich and richer.

He seldom recalled his old country home; there
were no ties there to hold him. Only, sometimes,
there came a fleeting memory of a fair young
love, the one face in the world he had truly
loved.

"She was a little fool," he would mutter;
"she's been a martyr long enough. I didn't pro-
pose to saddle myself with that old aunt. Well,
she chose her way, I hope she's enjoyed it."

Accident brought back his old home vividly at
last. There was a railroad running through that
part of the country that he desired to buy.

"I'll run out there a few days," he said; "it
will be prudent to do so, and I wonder how the
old place looks by this time, anyway. Nobody
will recognize me, I dare say."

But they did; the newspapers had heralded his
name, and the old neighbors who remembered him
as a boy wanted to see the great man he had
become.

A number of old friends, as they were pleased
to call themselves, undertook to show him around
and to point out the improvements that twenty
years had brought about.

There was a new Court House, a new jail and
lastly a fine large building lately erected for the
county poor-house.

Bob did not care a copper cent to be shown
any of these affairs, but he had his own reasons
for being civil, hence he permitted himself to be
dragged hither and thither and at last actually
found himself inside the handsome new poor-
house.

"The matron will show us through," said the
obsequious friend. "Who knows but you may
run across some of your old acquaintances," he
added, with a slight smile.

In one of the large halls they passed a woman
bending over a little child, who was sobbing
bitterly. The woman sat in a low armchair, and
her face was hidden, but the mass of brown hair
rolled in a knot at the nape of her neck was
heavily streaked with gray.

"Get out of the room, Jimmy," said the matron.
"You are always getting hurt," then turning to
the woman she said, "Have you finished the
shirt?"

The woman raised her head and replied softly
that she had. The sunlight streaming in through
the window brought her head and face and slight
form into bold relief.

He saw her plainly, her voice had betrayed her
even before he had known or guessed her
identity. Yes, it was Louise, older, taller, hair-
less and a beggar, not, exactly that, for it
seemed even here she was a toiler as of old.

"My God!" he thought, "how long has she
been here?"

But they hurried him on, and when once more
in the open air he felt he had not reached it in
his life. He was never so near a fainting fit in
his life.

"Are you ill, Mr. Hunter?" inquired more than
one.

"A little," he replied. "I think I will go to
my room at the hotel and rest until supper."

But no sooner did he find himself alone than he
sent for one of the maids, a girl that he knew had
always lived in the place.

"Two o'clock in the afternoon," chorused
Jimmy and Jennie, pointing to the clock.
"Then mother laughed. Oh, how she laughed!
The table failed to look all the while. The
clock must have stopped. Oh father, father, did
you ever hear of anything so funny?"

But Jimmy and Jennie did not think it so very
funny. It was not till years after that they saw
much amusement in their father's Dark Day.
—Bertha E. Bush, in Youth's Companion.

Historical.

"Ticking away in an historic mansion in
Westerville, Oneida Co., N. Y., is an aged
grandfather's clock, which, with the New Year,
will have remained in its present position one
hundred years. The home, once that of Gen.
William Fitch, one of the signers of the Declara-
tion of Independence, has weathered the storm
of a century, and it is one of the most interesting
historical structures in Oneida County.

The dwelling was originally built in the centre of a
ten-thousand-acre "leader, General Fitch, was
acquired from the Indians by the treaty of 1788.
In the last century, the lands owned by General
Fitch had been gradually sold, but there still
remain over four hundred acres surrounding the
old homestead.

Some say that Archimedes made the first
water clock as early as 260 B. C. Others give the
credit to Wallingford, who lived no later as the
beginning of the fourteenth century. But the
great perfect water-clocks were, long before the
latter period, furnished with wheels, so that the
only improvement was the substitution of a solid
body to act as a moving weight, instead of water.
It is not to be wondered at that the application
of a weight to clocks as a moving power should
attract so little attention, as water and sand
were undoubtedly thought more convenient by
contemporary writers. The oldest complete
clock moved by weights is probably that sent by
the Sultan of Turkey to Frederick II. in 1222.

Even the worst and most unprincipled of
anarchy would have felt ashamed to suffer the
learned to live in idleness. Nero gave consid-
erable property to Seneca. Domitian, whose
character was almost as bad as Nero's, bestowed
great sums upon a poet upon merit. Even
avarice and stinginess did not prevent the
ancients from rewarding the men of talent and
learning. Vespasian, who was accused of great
avarice, rewarded nobly the sciences and fine
arts, the salary which he fixed on each pro-
fessor was more considerable than the revenues
of some of our colleges, viz., 2000 gold pieces,
of the value of about \$5 each.

During the thirteenth century there ap-
peared pamphlets at regular intervals containing
news of the Roman Empire and the German
news, news of battles, pestilence, earthquakes,
and of all kinds of horrid events. Among these
news leaflets there is one of the year 1291, owned
by the British Museum, which enumerates the
strange occurrences of the years 1288 and 1289.

Edward III., in 1336, forbade the wearing of
furs save to persons worth £100 a year.

Curious Facts.

As a rule dwarfs live much longer than
giants. The latter usually have weak constitu-
tions, their blood circulation is sluggish and they
have brittle bones.

The Philippines are beginning to use very
large a curious device to teach their children to
walk. It is a rough affair, of course, and is com-
posed of a piece of bamboo that revolves around
one end of a hard wood pole. A glass is fastened
to the revolving shaft and the child thus attached
has to follow the lead of the machine.

Khaki uniforms are now worn by all the
foreign troops in China except the Russians. At
Lascar, in China, England, is a room that
contains hundreds of picture frames made of
every imaginable substance, from leather to
tigers' bones, one frame being placed within an
other, according to size, so that the whole sur-
face is covered with frames.

Swiss cowbells have been introduced into
the Himalayas as a protection for cattle against
tigers. The tigers are said to run as soon as
they hear the bells.

In many hotels in Europe the guests are
provided with a certain number of the soles of
board and the rest brown paper. New ones are
furnished to each guest.

It is said that some of the Venetians—those
who have never been to the mainland—have
never seen a horse in their lives. A show-
man once brought one to a fair and called it a
monster, and the factory hands paid a quarter
to see the marvel.

Trained cats are the latest fad of French
society women. Fashion decrees that the animal
be educated entirely by its owner, and several
of the best-known women in Parisian soci-
ety are giving an hour a day to training their
pets.

S. O. McDuffy of Sunbury, Pa., has been
in the railway mail service twenty years, and
at that time has traveled 767,084 miles, something
like thirty-two journeys around the world. In
the one week which the veteran mail clerk has
been through his life was saved by a mail sack
which he had in his hand. He was thrown from
his car, and would have gone under the wheels
of the locomotive if the sack had not blocked his
way.

The oldest statue of the world is of the
sheik of an Egyptian village. It is believed to
be not less than six thousand years old.

When two Negroes, a people of the Philip-

The Horse.

Defects and Soundness.

The line of distinction between soundness and unsoundness—Examine whether the ailment is a blemish or due to the kind of work the horse has had to do. A horse can be used on a farm with a blemish or even unsoundness which would render it useless as a driver, and while the horse would be serviceably sound to the farmer, it would not, in the latter case, be sound at all.

When a horse has one hip lower than the other it is not always an unsoundness, as in many cases it does not interfere with his usefulness. Interfering is not an unsoundness, but a defect in the gait. "Cribbing" is sometimes given in the English bench as an unsoundness, but the American very often attributes it to imitation of a bad habit in another horse.

Winnipeg, Man. Dr. F. TORRENCE.

For the benefit of those who have been caused a great deal of anxiety by a balky horse, lost trains as well as tempers, and even sometimes ruined the horse, the next time they have the experience to run across a balky horse, no matter how bad, a contributor to the Horseholders Journal tells how to start him ninety-nine times out of one hundred. Of course, it may fail one time in a hundred. When a horse balks, no matter how badly he sulks or how ugly he is, do not beat him; don't throw sand in his ears; don't use a rope on his foreleg, or even burn straw under him. Quickly go and pat him on the head a moment; take a hammer or even pick up a stone in the street; tell the driver to sit still; take his lines, hold them quietly, while you lift up either front foot; give each nail a light tap and a good smart tap on the frog; drop the foot quickly, then chirp to him to go. In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred the horse will go right on about his business, but the driver must keep his lines taut and not pull or jerk him back. The secret of this little trick is simply diversion. With kindness and proper treatment the horse can be driven with a string.

The most profitable horse for farmers to raise is a first-class heavy drafter. The heavy mare can do a great deal of work on the farm, and the colt can be broken into farm work at an early age. Farm-raised drafters are best fitted for city uses. In many cases where mares are required to work hard during the summer, and there is no work for them to do in winter, they can suckle the foal through the winter. Then the foal, after being weaned in the spring, will have the green grass during the summer, and will often be as large in the fall as a colt six months older.

There are too many undersized horses not even fit for road purposes, where a fair degree of endurance is required.

As a food for colts after weaning, crushed oats are excellent.

The colt of a foundered mare will not inherit the disease, but he may inherit the tender feet which make him more liable to go foundered.

No shoe should be left on longer than two months. But for a road horse six weeks is the limit.

Colts can be raised nicely on cow's milk, but it is better thinned with one-third water and sweetened with a tablespoonful of sugar to the gallon.

A new team record has been established. At Memphis, Tenn., hooked Direct Hat (2:04) and Prince Direct together in harness and drove them a circuit of the fine course in 2:03, cutting 22 seconds from the old mark of 2:08, established by John R. Gentry and Robert J.

The trotting mare Lauretta, by Norris, established a record at Memphis by winning two races the same afternoon. The first was a dash at a mile and an eighth, which she won in 2:31, shortly after winning a two-in-three event and taking a record of 2:14.

A Western buyer says that his prospecting fur has indicated that really good horses will be higher next season than for many years past—higher than a "cat's back" is his way of putting it. He finds himself obliged to pay twenty-five per cent. more for big team horses than the same class have brought in recent years.

A Merry Christmas.

There are those who would persuade us that the twenty-fifth of December is not the anniversary of the birth of Christ, although it has been celebrated as such for some 1600 years in nearly all Christian nations. They base their arguments upon the fact that there is no authentic record of the observance of such a day until after A. D. 180, and that then no day was observed uniformly by all the early churches, they holding their festivals from December until May as best suited the ideas or convenience of the worshippers.

They also claim that Dec. 25 is the height of the rainy season in Judea, when it is not likely that shepherds would have "watched their flocks by night on the plains," and also by certain astronomical calculations and by Jewish history. They assert that the birth of Christ must have taken place at least four years before the beginning of what is known as the Christian era, or Jan. 1 in the year 1.

They may be of the same class with those who would persuade us that Shakspeare did not write the books which bear his name. That the history of William Tell and his resistance to the tyrant Gessler is but a fable, and that George Washington did not cut down the cherry tree with the hatchet, and then was unable to tell a lie about it afterward. In fact, who would relieve history of all that made it interesting to us when young, and leave only the driest of hard facts and dates which are themselves as apocryphal as the anecdotes to which they object.

It seems very probable that the date of

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Dec. 25 was chosen in reference to the heathen festival of the Yule-tide with which it corresponds, and which was observed by nearly all the nations of northern Europe. Many of the customs and observances of the Christmas time may be undoubtedly traced to those in vogue by the sun worshippers of a date far previous to the introduction of Christianity. Of these the observance of twelve days for Christmas festivities, and the burning of the Yule log, so common in England not long since if not today, are instances, and so is the superstition that the twelve days of Christmas are to be indications of the weather for twelve months in the year.

In matters like this, the early Catholic churches were more lenient than the Presbyterians of England and the Puritans of Plymouth, who rejected the observance of Christmas because it was a relic of paganism, while the early Catholics manifested more of the spirit of John Wesley, who wrote hymns to the music of certain secular songs, claiming that "the devil should not be allowed to have all the good music."

But be the date right or wrong, and our methods of observing Christmas be heathen, Pagan, or Protestant, we can scarcely change them now, nor would we if we could. The gathering of the family at the churches and the family tables, the general proclamation of "peace on earth and good-will to men," the exchanging of gifts of love and remembrance, and the feasting of the day, are features which one cannot afford to give up, though they were proven to be the most venerable relics of heathen worship.

There may be something of ostentatious giving among the features of the day; of giving that the liberality may be known of men. Something of giving to the rich in the hope of more valuable gifts in return, but there is much more of the true Christmas charity that relieves the wants of the deserving, and perhaps of the undeserving poor, who may feel as a result that they are not so utterly forsaken that they need to be reckless as to their future, and led to sink lower than they have been in misery and degradation. There are many gifts of small pecuniary value, but prized as tokens of good-will or more kindly affection.

And there are deeds of charity appropriate to the occasion, as the bestowal of a Christmas dinner by the Salvation Army upon the thousands of homeless and almost friendless, who, without these, would feel all the more their deprivations because of the signs of mirth and feasting that they see around them.

Pumpkins Scarce this Year.

Not for many years has there been such a scarcity of pumpkins as there is this fall. Such is the fact that stares in the face the Thanksgiving cook, to say nothing of the canning factories with capacities of one million cans per season. Farmers are receiving more than twice as much for their pumpkins as in former years. Unfavorable weather has been the cause of the poor crop. The commercial side of pumpkin raising is apparent when consideration is given the fact that the farmers supplying a single factory in northern Ohio, for example, collectively often make as high as \$15,000 to \$30,000 from the sale of their pumpkins in a season. One factory will often use the product of five hundred acres. Along the shores of Lake Erie, in Ohio, western Pennsylvania and New York, also in southern Michigan and Indiana, considerable attention is given to pumpkin raising, and the canned product from these sections is sent

far and wide, even to the Philippines, Porto Rico and China.

Indians on the reservations are particularly fond of canned pumpkin. Often crops of pumpkins at good prices amount to as much as the corn which is raised in the same field. Therefore, when the yield is but about one-tenth, as is the case this year, it means a notable loss. The present price being paid for pumpkins is \$4 to \$5 per ton, and factory representatives are scouring all the territory above mentioned in quest of the product. It was in the eighties that the pumpkin industry began to develop in Ohio and Pennsylvania. For a time even the corn production gave way to it, and when the farmer found that he had a few more pumpkins than he could dispose of in a plentiful year, he successfully fed them to cattle.

Other products of prominence in the pumpkin-raising belt of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio are cucumbers, onions, and tomatoes. The onion industry, in Ohio particularly, is of big importance, and this year's crop was highly satisfactory. Onions have been bringing as high as seventy-five to eighty-five cents per bushel this fall, and some growers are holding their crops for even better prices. The onion crop, it is figured, will be one-third to a half larger than last year. The growing of onions is proving remunerative. One field of seven acres in one of the best onion-growing sections in Ohio produced \$1200 worth of onions this year.

The price of cucumbers this year increased \$1 per ton over last year. That is, many farmers sold them to factories at that advance. Cucumbers from 12 to 16 inches in length have been bringing \$11 per ton. Some growers have been realizing as high as \$100 per acre. Cucumbers bring quick returns. Within ninety days of the time the seed is planted the crop may usually be gathered. Seed is furnished by some canning concerns at fifty cents an acre to farmers who will plant cucumbers. Next season a new plan will be tried by the dealers in buying cucumbers. The different sizes will be graded, and while but thirty cents a hundred pounds will be paid for large cucumbers, those 12 to 14 inches long will bring as high as \$1.10 per hundred pounds.

Tomatoes this year, like the pumpkins, were a failure. They are grown in large quantities in the same localities where pumpkins flourish. One canning factory in the Western preserve, which up to Oct. 1 in each of several years past had packed thirty thousand and forty thousand cases of canned tomatoes, this year up to that date had packed but 1200 cases. Ten tons of tomatoes to the acre are considered a good yield, but fifteen tons are not at all uncommon. Tomatoes bring \$8 per ton at the canning factories. Pennsylvania Correspondent of the New York Times.

Visitors that Pay.

An industry of comparatively recent establishment, and one for which New Hampshire possesses peculiar advantages, is the summer-boarding and summer-home industry, already reaching every rural town in the State, and still rapidly expanding. Over three thousand summer hotels and boarding houses, including the most costly and elegant summer hostelry in New England, accommodate more than seventy-five thousand people, who contribute \$5,000,000 to the revenue of the State. The summer-home feature of the industry, in which abandoned and other farms are utilized and transformed from unsightly evidences of decay to magnificent homes of people of wealth, culture and refinement, offers one of the most practical means of rejuvenating rural New Hampshire. About 1200 farms have been purchased and occupied by this class of people, and represent an expenditure of

nearly \$3,000,000, in addition to the purchase price.

So far as is consistent with other State interests, Hon. N. J. Bachelder, master of the State Grange, urges that there should be special effort made to develop this industry to still greater proportions. Such an effort involves an interest in the improvement of highways, the protection of forests and the promotion of roadside adornment. It involves an exhibition at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904 that will convey to the millions of visitors the fact that New Hampshire is the grandest health and pleasure resort in the eastern part of the country, and excelled only in magnitude in the entire world.

How to Hurry.

Perhaps we are all trying to do too much or too many things, nevertheless, as we are, perhaps a few suggestions that have helped me will help others, writes Joseph Elering, in the Breeder's Gazette.

Think a few minutes before you get out of bed of what lies before you to be done that day. Try to arrange a definite plan of campaign. Then, having it settled in your mind, get up. Do not permit yourself to lie and turn it over and over and worry over the magnitude of the task before you. Get ready before you go ahead. If you are going to the woods take the axe to the stone and put an edge to it. Take the saw to the shop and dress the teeth and see that it has sufficient "set." Or if you are going at any work look first to your tools, so that you will not need to run back and forth getting ready after you are supposed to be working. Think a bit about the work in hand before you begin it. If you are to fall a tree take time to see which way it really leans, where it had best lie for loading well, then out your chips accordingly.

Accuracy, not haste, counts in work. It is the man who strikes thirty telling strokes with a keen axe in a minute who falls the tree quickly; the other man who hacks and chops desperately with a dull axe, making twice the number of strokes, wastes time and energy and accomplishes little. Brain and muscle are largely mechanical in their movements. Train your machine to do accurate work. Then it will wear better, do much more with less pounding and heating of boxes and screeching. Many men complain of overwork. Very few are accomplishing nearly what they might if their movements were accurate and well timed.

We are advised: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise." That might have been fair advice once. It will not do at all now. The ant is one of the least effective of workers, rushing here and there, apparently in a desperate hurry to do she knows not exactly what and not at all how to do. Man is the nearest to the ant in lack of directness of his movements. Solomon, had he lived today, would have advised the worker thus: "Consider the engine of Corliss; it does not jiggle, it hurries not, it reaches out far enough but not too far; it is on time, but gets there without undue haste; it gets not hot under the collar nor makes others so offend, yet when it turns itself all other wheels and parts hasten to turn and do it homage." And it quite work when it is done. Do you do that?

The Reasons Why.

It is often asked why Venezuela did not pay her debts and thus escape the unpleasantness which has brought her disagreeably in contact with both England and Germany. Well, Venezuela is a small country, with only two million five hundred thousand inhabitants, and its revenue for last year was in the neighborhood of \$7,400,000, nearly two-thirds of which was credited to the custom house. When it is considered that, besides the claims that have brought

about the trouble, Venezuela has a large foreign debt of \$14,500,000, and a domestic one even larger, it will be readily seen that it would take her some time to meet her obligations abroad and at home.

Still, with prudent management, she would be able to work out of this financial strait if her people were united. But, unfortunately, they have the same revolutionary blood in their veins which has kept the residents of other South American States in a condition of almost perpetual unrest. The New York Tribune is of the opinion that Venezuela should take the advice once given to one of our own States, and "raise more hogs and less hell." This is a strenuous bit of good counsel at a time when fighting is going out of fashion and arbitration is coming in. Venezuela is calling for the latter now as a means of settlement with the two powers that have been making it lively for her forts and warships. Suppose she tries a little of it in her internal affairs!

Hothouse Lettuce.

Said W. W. Rawson, the largest Boston lettuce grower, in response to an inquiry as to whether hothouse lettuce would be profitable at present price of coal: "It will pay to run greenhouses whatever the price

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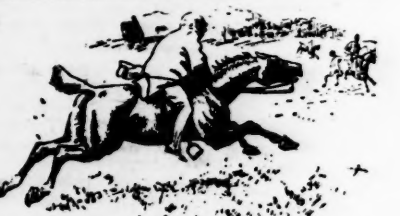
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of coal. If some growers shut down their greenhouses so much the better for the others. I said last fall, 'The higher goes coal, the more money I shall receive and the more I shall have left in spring,' and so it seems. I have not paid over \$6.50 per ton for soft coal yet, and do not expect to, as I have enough to last some time. That is quite an advance over \$3.50 the price last year, and I use 1200 tons, but I should buy it if it cost double what it does now. My hothouses have never in recent years paid me less than \$30,000.

"I do not know that any of the large growers have closed their houses here. There is about the usual amount of lettuce under way. Some have lost their present crop through mildew of young plants. The Boston market is not ruled by the amount of lettuce grown here. If our local growers had to depend on local markets, most of them would be out of business. Quotations here depend on New York, which in turn is governed by receipts from the South. When New York is glutted, dealers there stop shipments from Boston, and at once lettuce here become almost unsalable. Under such conditions, I have known good hothouse to sell hard at 25 cents per box. It is worth now \$1.50 to \$2.50 per box, because the New York demand is brisk."

The English Pudding Fad.

Quite a number of American families consider the Christmas celebration not quite complete without a real English plum pudding. The import duty having been removed, a good many were shipped here from the big London bakeries. One maker claims to sell about 250 tons of plum pudding each Christmas, roughly speaking, \$2,000 puddings, averaging seven pounds each besides some half-million large cakes. They are sent by parcels post to all parts of the world.



CHARACTER ON HORSEBACK

Many a peculiar sight one sees on horseback. Did it ever occur to you that a horse reared in this condition becomes very much overheated. The saddle with its weight rubs the back. Under the bridle and straps are little sores and chafed spots. Soothe and refresh by the use of Gossamer. Article of great value in a stable.

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